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HILLSLAND

AS IT WAS

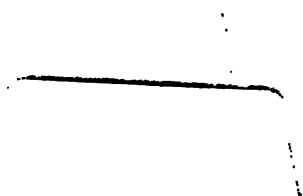
SEVENTY

YEARS

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HILLSLAND.



HILLSLAND

(CLEVELAND)

AS IT WAS SEVENTY YEARS AGO

BY

F. H. MORGAN,

RECITOR OF GISBOROUGH.



GRIFFITH & FARRAN,

SUCCESSORS TO NEWBERRY AND HARRIS,

WEST CORNER, ST. PAUL'S CHURCHYARD, LONDON.

E. P. DUTTON AND CO., NEW YORK.

MDCCCLXXXI.

251. 2. 230.

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PREFACE.



THIS story is based upon the recollections gathered from various persons in the districts. The places under the assumed names can easily be identified. The characters are not taken from actual persons, nor are the incidents actual history. But the evil effects of the smuggling and its demoralization of all classes are true facts, and from this day evils can be traced back to the smuggling habits. The variation of the dialects may be observed, but the writer has often noticed that Cleveland folk vary their dialects according to the person they address, especially when they are persons of

strong sympathies ; and when speaking to more educated persons, they often drop the Yorkshire dialect altogether.

There are many excellent stories about the smuggling to be gathered, and should this book reach a second edition, it might be desirable to give some of the most interesting. If the names were omitted or others substituted, there could be no harm in publishing these stories, especially as all those who took an active part have passed away.





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HILLSLAND.



CHAPTER I.

IN a night of the month of December 1800 and — a foot traveller was making his way against a strong south-westerly wind on the high cliffs of the north-east coast of England.

The direction of the coast is here east and west. The sea this night was roughly wild, but not dangerous; for the wind was off shore. Our traveller had walked some twelve miles or more, and thought he could reach the neighbouring town of Massingberd; but the rain, which had fallen in copious showers, began to descend so heavily, that he was meditating on the prospects of obtaining a nearer lodging for the night, when he observed a light which proceeded from a small dwelling house. A small patch of ground was cultivated, and a few common flowers grew near the doorway. The

cottage nestled in a kind of slack, as it is called in those parts of the country. The little piece of garden reached down to a small beck, which was usually crossed by stepping stones. A strong railing served the purpose of a bridge when the beck was full. The pathway along the cliff passed about a hundred yards above the cottage, and then dipped to cross the slack and the beck. It was a wild, lonely place. Our traveller naturally determined to seek refuge in the cottage, and crossing the stepping stones he opened the little wicket gate; but while he was walking to the door, it was opened by a tall man, advanced in years. At a glance he seemed to discern the object of his visitor, and said,—

‘I see you are benighted. You can have refuge for the night. Come in.’

The traveller entered, expressing his thanks, and his host (as we must call him) immediately spoke to an aged servant who was in the room.

‘Phœbe, this gentleman will sleep here. Get him anything you have for supper, and dry his clothes for the morning.’

He opened the door of a little room, and said to his guest, ‘You will sleep here;’ and then having opened another door he disappeared. The suddenness of the disappearance of his host surprised the traveller, who sat down to warm himself, while Phœbe, busying herself in preparation of

his supper, looked frequently at him, as if he awoke in her mind some past and painful memories, and at length muttered to herself, 'He is wet and all. Some of the young maaster's claes would just fit him. I'll mak' bold to lend them. He'll not see him!' And so saying, she left the kitchen, and presently returned with a change of clothes, which she bid him take to the bedroom and put on; while she muttered,—

'It was unco odd. Ah war airing his claes to-day. Puir lad! Puir lad! When will his father hould up his head agin. This young man favours him wondrously.'

This thought seemed to receive immediate confirmation, as she uttered a cry of surprise when the traveller returned to the room, dressed in the borrowed suit; but when he spoke to her she quite gave way to her feelings, and rocking herself in the chair, moaned and said, 'His voice too, just his voice, and he lang gan, lang deed, but not forgotten.' As if so accustomed to live alone and talk to herself, she continued to mumble on—'The maaster will be moved when he hears that voice. He mon't see him in his claes, or he'll think deed be quick again.'

Our traveller was puzzled, and began to express his thanks for such kind hospitality.

'Tis nowt, 'tis nowt,' said the old woman, 'We had servants and carriages and horses, and all the

rest of it; yees, and a house full of bonny young people, but it's all gan, and ah'se the only ane left to tak' care of maaster, and ah'se sair old and getting deaf and all, and my een begin to fail too.'

'Does your master always live alone?' said the stranger.

'Eh sure, and these twenty years and mair, nor has he spoke to living soul outside this house, as ah knows on; he reads his bukes.'

The faithful old creature seemed unwilling to say more, and being thoroughly weary, her guest was glad to retire. When he awoke the next morning he found his own clothes by the bedside, and those which had been lent were removed. He entered the plain kitchen, and found breakfast prepared for him, but he saw nothing of his host. The old woman walked about the room, muttering and talking to herself, as she had done the night before. 'Unco like, unco like, more likerer by day, nor by gloaming. Jist his way, jist his voice, twenty years ago and mair.'

The stranger was utterly at a loss to understand these words, which came to his ears in rather a disjointed and imperfect manner. Presently when she saw he had finished his breakfast, the old woman said to him, 'The maaster hopes ye are rested weel, and will speed weel on your journey, and tak an old crone's blessing on your head for your face and een.'

He understood this as a civil hint that he was not to delay his departure, so kindly shaking hands with her, he begged her to give his thanks, Frank Latimer's thanks, sincere thanks to her master for his reception. Then he walked briskly up the little pathway to the cliff-path he had left the night before.

He walked quickly, for the morning was cold but fine, for some miles, until he came to a part of the cliff from which he could look down into a very small fishing hamlet of seven or eight houses. The coast at that point made a kind of bay, and a small beck ran down through the sands into the sea. The sea was rough from the storm of the night before. A small vessel, schooner rigged, was lying outside this bay on account of the rocks in one part, and the shallow sea elsewhere; and two boats, apparently heavily laden, were pulling towards the fishing hamlet. A very slight glance at the movements of the schooner and of the boats told the spectator that she was a smuggler—running her cargo on shore. When the boats were beached a long train of horses, in Indian file, were trotted down to them, and in a few minutes casks were slung across the horses, which were ridden at a steady trot up the bed of the little beck, a man being upon every fourth horse, until the overhanging woods, and the winding nature of the ground hid all from view.

The boats returned to the schooner, she fired two guns and immediately made sail. All this had been done so quickly and so quietly, that it absorbed the traveller's attention, and he had not noticed that he was not the only observer from the heights he occupied. A man, looking as if sea and land were equally familiar to him, for he had the manner of a sailor, with the dress of a small farmer, had come close to him, and leaning on a heavy stick, remarked,—

‘Ventive folk don't keep much look out, maaster. There don't seem much risk from running a cargo of real stuff from out yonder. Here we are in broad daylight, and that black building out yon is 'ventive station. Old Tim in his schooner there is a smart lad.’

‘Who did you say commanded the schooner?’ asked the young man. ‘Her build seems familiar to me. Is she called the *Smiling Lassie*?’

‘Umph, you are a good guesser, whoe'er you be, and however you come to know? Perhaps she is, sometimes. She has a vast of names, and a vast of looks; you would not know her always, unless you are a sailor.’

‘She was painted differently the last time I saw her, I think,’ said the young man.

‘And when did you see her, if I may be so bold as to ask?’ And then, after a pause and a scrutiny, he added, ‘Sir?’

‘Oh, I have seen her more than once, but I am sorry she should still be employed in this work. No good will come of it. Some day the Government will take the matter up seriously, and those blind gentlemen in the black house will have to see.’

‘Do you see any harm, then, in the honest trade, sir? Most of the folks round here are in with it, and all the leading folks in the market toon out yon have a hand in it, and the squire and the parson help to drink it, and all the wives round like cheap silk kerchiefs and good tea. Bless ye, why there isn’t a many as could raise a family in these parts without the help of the smuggling, and many a man has made his fortune by it, and some great folks too that live in castles, never axes where their horses have been to, when they look all in a sweat in the morning, and are splashed up to their bellies. The trade has been carried on ever since I can remember. In these war times, I suppose, Government have enough to do to look after Boney, and I heard a clever man say once that this kind of business trains capital sailors and makes them daring and up to everything. They don’t often run in of a morning, but there was a wind off shore last night, and a vast of rain, and so they could not get in.’

‘And where are they taking those casks?’ asked the traveller.

‘Ah,’ replied the other. ‘’Tis a wonder now, ain’t it? A queer place to ride up is a beck, too. You

can follow that beck up to Massingberd. But I don't suppose they have gone all that way, perhaps they have got a half-way house; perhaps they haven't. Perhaps they have gone up to the castle. Perhaps there are cellars under it—who knows! 'Tis a queer old place.'

'Does Medlicott Castle lie in that direction? I thought it was more east.'

'So it is, but you can get up as handy as can be from the woods. But mind, I don't say they are gone there. I keep the "Jolly Sea Gull" down below there under yon cliff,—the biggest house of them there. If I may be so bold, perhaps your honour would like some entertainment. My lassie makes good bread, and ye shall have tea or coffee, and I shouldn't be surprised if Tim has left a small cask just for ould acquaintance' sake.'

'Thank you, I have breakfasted.'

'You must have had a long walk then since, maaster.'

'No, I was hospitably entertained at a little cottage a few miles off, that lies just off the cliff path.'

'The deuce you were! That is a wonder.' And he gave a long whistle.

'Can you tell me anything about my kind host? There seemed to be nobody but an old woman to wait on him. He had all the manners and refinements of a gentleman. What is his name?'

‘Well, perhaps I could tell you,’ said the landlord. ‘He has a name, in course, and he goes by a name, well, his name is Spenser ; yes, that’s it, Mr Spenser.’

‘How long has he lived there?’ said the stranger.

‘Well, hard upon twenty years, and I have never seen him but twice all that while.’

‘Do you know anything about the old woman? She talked about days when her master kept a great many servants and horses.’

‘Did she?’ replied the man, evidently much surprised. ‘The old dolt!—I thought she would have known better.’

‘Do you know anything of the old woman?’

‘Well, I should think I did. She is—no ;’ and then, after a pause—‘she is Mr Spenser’s servant. But ye are a cannie lad, and ye mon’t mind if I don’t tell ye more. There’s more belongs to it than I can tell ye just now.

‘But coom away, sir, down with me. It will be an honour to me to entertain any guest of Mr Spenser’s. I could lend you a nag—as perfect a Galloway as ever you set eyes on. He can go his twelve miles an hour, with me on him too. If you are a-going to Massingberd you can leave him at the “Mermaid,” and say he belongs to Jock Dingrose, and I shall get him again before night.’

This last offer the young man accepted with sincere thanks, and to please the landlord of the ‘Jolly Sea Gull,’ he consented to have a second breakfast.

When he mounted he found the pony deserved all the praise his master had given him. He was a thick-set strawberry roan, with excellent action, scarcely fourteen hands, with plenty of courage and mettle.

‘You must gang along the beck until you find a path to the right, leading through the woods,’ said the owner. ‘’Tain’t the gainsomer road, but the best for a stranger to find out. If ye meet any folk, and they speer at where ye be going, tell ’em Jock Dingrose has lent ye t’ Galloway to ride to Massingberd ; and, my lad, tak’ my advice, and don’t axe too many questions of any folk on the road. There’s no call for ye to tell ’em ye saw the schooner t’ morn. The trade will go on if the king hisself came down to be a ’ventive man ; and when all’s said and done, it gives many a bairn a good loaf, and the housewife summat to buy odds and ends the gudeman don’t think of. There’s only one priest here as preaches agin it, and he don’t rightly see into it ; but he’s a good man, and if all parsons were like he, may be they would persuade many folk to leave t’ trade alone. But Master Temple is a koind man and a real Christian. There’s not a man among all t’ trade as would lift a hand to hurt he. But gang away, gang away. Ye need not be afraid of riding fast ; and mind ye don’t ask many questions if ye meet folk up in t’ wood.’

Following the direction of the friendly landlord of

the 'Sea Gull,' as well as having the assistance of the pony, our traveller had no difficulty in finding the path. It appeared to be much frequented, and was in such good repair that he allowed the little animal to break into a canter, and he rode on, much enjoying the ride for a mile or so, when the path became narrower, and a steep descent led to a mill at the bottom. Remembering the advice Dingrose gave him, he passed the mill without calling in, but at the same time closely observing the locality. He saw no inmates near the mill, except one little child—a girl, who peeped out and ran up the path to catch a kitten, and hid away when she saw the stranger.

He had not gone more than two hundred yards beyond, when two men, in appearance cattle dealers or farmers, stood up in the way so suddenly that the pony started and tried to turn round, but recovered himself immediately, and shook his head as if vexed with himself on account of his sudden alarm. The men made no remark, but looked hard at the traveller, and after he had passed and a bend of the road hid them, he heard behind him a peculiar whistle, which was answered in front in the same manner.

When he came to the spot, from which, as he judged, the second whistle replied, he saw no signs of men, and only pausing for a moment that he might recognise the locality again, observed there

was near a remarkably fine chestnut tree. There were several paths at this place, but not taking the most frequented one, he allowed the pony to take a path to the right hand, which in a little more than a mile brought him into a road near a high narrow bridge. Keeping still to the right, the road mounted the higher ground, and he was able to admire the singular beauty of the country, thickly wooded and everywhere undulating and varied, while on the extreme left a hill like a sea cliff was on that side the boundary, and on the right, hills of a rounded form clothed with woods hid the sea. Just beneath the cliff-hill before-mentioned he saw the chimneys of the small market town of Massingberd.





CHAPTER II.

THE town of Massingberd had a quaint, old-fashioned, almost Flemish look. The church boasted of no kind of architecture ; but near it a magnificent arch, the remains of a splendid church, reared itself high up above all surrounding objects. Our traveller had no difficulty in finding the 'Mermaid,' for, allowing the pony to go as it pleased, it presently brought him to the back of a house by a lane behind the Tolbooth, and on a board was roughly painted, 'Back way to the Mermad.' The clatter of the pony's hoofs brought out the inmate, who evidently expected to greet Dingrose himself, or if not Dingrose, a very different class of rider. He eyed the stranger suspiciously, and at last seemed capable of no other salutation than, 'Weel, maaster?'

'I was told,' said Latimer, who it will be convenient from this point to call by his proper name, 'that if I left this good pony here the owner would get him back again in the course of the day.'

‘Aw,’ replied the man, ‘he be a bonny yun, ain’t ye, Smiker? Yes, maaster, get off; I’ll see he gangs away. Would your honour tak’ a glass of anything? Jock Dingrose is my ain oncle. I bred this here pony mysel’.

Latimer thanked him, and declining the offer of refreshment, asked the way to the residence of the clergyman. It was but a stone’s-throw below on the same side of the street. Latimer knocked at the door of the old-fashioned house—there was no bell—and was immediately admitted into a comfortable but rather low room, in which he found the clergyman sitting with another tall hearty-looking man, with a generous looking face and pleasant twinkling eyes. Latimer had sent in his card, and the clergyman read out while he bowed, ‘Captain Latimer, Ninety— Light Infantry,’ and then immediately added,—

‘Good morning, Captain Latimer. To what am I indebted for this visit? Let me introduce my friend and neighbour, Lawyer Pace. A most useful man, sir. I do not know what we should do without him here.’

‘I am indeed fortunate,’ said Latimer. ‘My visit to this little town is quite as much for the purpose of seeing Mr Pace as yourself, sir. Indeed, I have letters in my pocket-book to you both from the Government. I am sent down here in conjunction with a naval friend on a peculiar and very delicate

business, and when you have read these letters'—(he presented a similar letter to each)—'we will, if you please, talk the matter over; for I am directed to confer with you, and obtain from you all the local information I can.'

The countenances of the two men, as they read their letters, rather amused Latimer. The lawyer looked serious and amused in equal degrees, and was the first to speak in a hearty, bluff voice.

'I see, Captain Latimer, you are to undertake to put down smuggling on this coast. It can't be done, sir. The whole population, the whole neighbourhood, is mixed up in it. There is a weight of public opinion against you, and there are a lot of dare-devils, who would not think twice about shooting you, if they knew the work you are after. We all know it is not right, and as magistrates we do what we can to keep it down. You might as well try to stop the sea from rising, when the tide is coming in. The Government, if they will be advised by me, had much better leave it alone, and you had better say that you have been advised by persons, by gentlemen living on the spot, that the thing is impossible. It will take all your regiment to do it, and they would not do it without sad work. And what would it end in? The smugglers would run cargoes to another place, and this neighbourhood would be nearly ruined.'

'I am quite aware of the dangers and difficulties

of my present work,' said Latimer. 'But I am not unsupported by means or by men. It is my duty, and I mean to go through with it, cost what it will.'

'Ah, ah!' said the lawyer, in a half-bantering, half-kind manner. 'Young blood, zeal, and so forth,—it is a fine thing to be sanguine, but you must take the world as you find it, and leave many evils alone.'

'I quite agree with my friend,' said the clergyman. 'That is to say, with some qualification. Of course, the Government of the King must do what they think right, and I, as a loyal subject and a magistrate, and above all, as a clergyman, am prepared to support them to the best of my poor ability.' This was said in a somewhat pompous tone, which did not quite accord with the humility of the last sentiment. 'Nevertheless,' he continued, 'I deeply regret—no one can more regret than I do—the evils resulting from this pernicious traffic. It renders my labours here as a minister of the gospel almost nugatory; it demoralises my people; hundreds of promising young persons are led away by it to idleness, to drinking, and to poaching; it lowers the moral sense of right and wrong, and if I attempted publicly to denounce it, would you believe it, Captain Latimer, I should lose half my congregation, and offend more than half my parish. It is a very lamentable state of things. Every one knows my private opinion, and how entirely I disapprove of it. But I see many difficulties, I

may say insuperable difficulties, in the way of removing it, and I agree, as I said before, that it is better not to move openly in the matter, but endeavour by persuasion to withdraw the better-disposed persons from having anything to do with it. But, however, Captain Latimer, you must judge for yourself, and act accordingly. I shall not flinch from my duty, if I am called upon to act as a magistrate, although I sincerely confess I tremble for the consequences.'

This somewhat inconsistent and contradictory speech being at length ended, Latimer rose up saying,—

'Well, gentlemen, I have no doubt notwithstanding, I shall obtain able and willing co-operation from you. I have another letter to the Lord of the Manor here, which I must present to him.'

'He is absent from home,' said Mr Pace. 'We will take care that he receives it, and we will tell him of your mission, and confer with him about it. By-the-bye, Captain Latimer, where are your headquarters, if we have any occasion to write to you? And by the way, it would be well not to post a letter here addressed to your own name.'

'I am acting in concert with a naval officer,' said Latimer; 'and our headquarters are at Everton. But he has a cutter lying off the coast, and we shall lay our plans from Furcliffe.'

'Very well,' said the lawyer, 'then I will sup-

pose I am writing to a brother of mine, Frank Pace, Esq. It will be better to be very cautious, I can tell you. And above all, take my advice, and keep your own counsel. The head of all the smuggling, the grand commander-in-chief, and in consequence the king of these parts, is one John Dingrose, who keeps a little public in the nearest fishing village to this. If my worthy friend here, our excellent parson, could persuade him to give it up, the backbone of the concern would be gone and the rest would fall to pieces. He has his agents everywhere, and he is at the bottom and the top of the whole business.'

Latimer thanked him warmly for this important information, and at the same time at first thought of not mentioning that he had already become acquainted with this great smuggler; until remembering that the matter of the borrowed pony would be sure to be known almost immediately to every one in so small a place, he briefly recounted the scene he had witnessed that morning in the running of the cargo, as well as the conversation he had had with Dingrose about it, and his civility in lending the pony.

The lawyer was very much amused, and said,—

'Well, you have outwitted Canny Jock, as he is called in these parts, to begin with. He little thought when he was giving you a lift on your road that you had come to put down his trade.'

‘Would you take anything, Captain Latimer?’ said the clergyman. ‘I believe I could give you a glass of good Hollands. The fact is, some one not long ago left a keg at my door, just inside, you know, and taken medicinally in moderation it is beneficial, and had I refused to take it in I should have given offence to some one.’

‘Well done, parson,’ said his friend, ‘I quite agree with you. You acted like a sensible man. For my own part, I confess I do not scruple to buy good stuff of any kind at a cheap market, if it be fairly exposed for sale ; as for the wrong of the thing, why there is wrong-doing in all trades.’

When Latimer left the clergyman’s house he thought it best to linger as little as possible in the little town, but to carry out the intention he had in his mind of climbing the heights lying on the south, and afterwards make his way across the moors to Furcliffe. Without, therefore, asking his way, he took a road which went due south, and brought him in ten minutes’ brisk walking to the foot of the hill. As he climbed up, the view below became more and more extensive. He could see the mouth of the Murray and a long way beyond, and on the east side he could mark the hill from which he had witnessed the smuggling. The scenery was singularly beautiful, both on land and on water, and the valley below, in which was the little straggling village-like town, was bright and beautiful, smiling and peaceful

Behind him were the moors, and hills of considerable elevation appeared towards the south-west. He determined, guided by a compass, to strike due south for three or four miles. He had not much difficulty in finding a mountain path. He had walked quickly for three miles or a little more, until he came in sight of a small farm-house nestled in the moor. Passing this the path trended more to the right and brought him to a brook, a regular mountain stream, in which he could see a number of spotted trout. He stood watching them at a small and very primitive foot-bridge, made by two broad stones, when, by chance looking back on the path, he saw a horseman coming down towards him, who presently was at his side. The stranger was singularly dressed. He wore a cocked hat, high boots up to his knees, a close-fitting coat buttoned up to his throat, and a grey and black silk wrapper, which concealed part of his face. The hair of his head was cut very short. His countenance had an olive tint, and his eyes were dark and penetrating. The horse that carried him seemed suited to the man, who rode with an admirable seat, and managed the animal, which was full of life and spirit, with great ease and quietness. It was a black, upwards of sixteen hands, with a white star on the forehead, and one white hind foot. The stranger drew up his horse, and lifted his hat, and, to the surprise of Latimer, said,—

‘You have had a pleasant walk across the moors this morning, Captain Latimer. It is a wild country, is it not? But it is delightful to get away from mankind so entirely, and to see nothing but the grouse, and the few birds of other sorts, and the mountain sheep.’

Latimer replied, ‘I have not a remembrance where we met. I suppose, however, you met one of the two gentlemen I called on this morning in Massingberd, and they told you my name?’

‘Oh no,’ replied the horseman; ‘there are not many gentlemen there who care to see me. Perhaps, if I might make a guess,’ he added, ‘you saw the Protestant clergyman and a certain shrewd barrister who resides there, and dispenses some law and much good advice *gratis*. I should be the last person to whom they would tell anything. They regard me almost as they would the great enemy of mankind.’

Latimer now remembered that he had heard that one of the gentlemen’s seats in the neighbourhood was occupied by a Roman Catholic nobleman, and concluded that in the gentleman before him he saw the domestic chaplain. He therefore said,—

‘I perceive I have the honour to address a reverend father of the Romish communion.’

‘Certainly,’ said the stranger, ‘I am a Catholic, and known generally in these parts as Father Philip. If you are going towards Furcliffe I shall be happy to be your guide for part of the way; but pray,

do not let me intrude if you prefer a solitary walk.'

Latimer at first thought of declining, but on second thoughts he determined to avail himself of the offer. He considered also that he might gain some information, and learn at least the view the priest took of the smuggling question, and whether he was likely to find in him an ally. They were now proceeding on their way, and had come into a road in which a low stone finger-post pointed 'To Furcliffe,' in large letters cut in the stone. They had reached a winding valley, with scattered homesteads of a humble character. Taking the road to the left, they crossed the valley and ascended the hill, on to the moor, until they came to four cross-roads, at which point there was a low stone, with a white cross cut in the stone. Father Philip dismounted from his horse, and stood for some minutes in silent prayer. Latimer removed his cap also, which appeared to give the priest great satisfaction. He now offered the horse to Latimer, saying,—

'We must ride in turn until we come to the place I am going to, some ten miles on. I see,' he added, 'your campaign in the Peninsula has not spoilt you and made you ashamed of prayer.'

'I trust not, indeed,' answered Latimer warmly. 'Such scenes and dangers as I have passed through ought to have a very different effect; but you appear to be well acquainted with all my movements. I

should be glad to know whence you gain your information.'

'Oh,' said the priest, 'there is nothing wonderful in it. The papers publish the movements of his Majesty's regiments, and a gentleman in whose house I reside as domestic chaplain was informed of your appointment to the command of the land force which was to act against the smugglers. Indeed, my object in meeting you was—well, partly—at his desire to advise you to take no step hastily, and not to act at all until you have thoroughly mastered the plans and schemes and whereabouts of these smuggling poachers. My lord—I mean the gentleman in question—is anxious to disperse them on account of the poaching. They have, right under his house, secret cellars and hiding-places, but he does not know that, and they generally run their cargo first to a large cavern in the wood, the entrance to which, even when I tell you it is very near a remarkably large chestnut tree, you would not easily find.'





CHAPTER III.

BATIMER expressed his suspicions from what he had seen and heard while passing through the wood.

‘I was once in the cavern,’ said the clergyman, ‘to administer the last rites of our holy religion to a dying man. They did not bind me to any secrecy, for they were aware I knew of its existence before, and that none of their schemes were in fact unknown to me. An old woman who resides in the cave belongs to our communion, and she would not dare to keep anything from me, or to tell me anything but the whole truth ; so you see it is merely through the influence of the true church that I possess, as this ignorant people assert, supernatural power. That worthy Protestant clergyman, who does much good according to his light, and from a blameless life, with his persuasion on which he prides himself, knows very little about many of his flock, who are the ringleaders in his parish. One of his churchwardens, indeed, and the man he

most consults, and to whom he pours forth his lamentations, is the chief director in Massingberd, and his orders are obeyed as your orders are in your regiment. And as for the man who calls himself 'the Wesleyan minister,' he knows less still; for a man he much believes in is a local preacher, as they term it, and a shining light among them. The fact is, Protestantism is a failure. It is a mere lip-service religion. I am thankful to say that my sheep, and I have some even in Massingberd, keep aloof entirely.'

'I thought,' said Latimer, 'you told me just now that you ministered to a dying man of your faith in the chestnut-tree cave?'

'Ah,' said Father Philip, 'I had forgotten that; but he was a stranger—a foreigner, in fact. He recovered, by the way, and is now leading a very different life through my humble instrumentality.'

'But you said,' replied Latimer, 'that an old woman of your communion lived in the cave, and gave you information?'

'Oh, yes,' said the priest; 'but she is doing that under my direction and guidance, and for the sake of our holy religion.'

'If there are no Roman Catholics among the smugglers,' said Latimer, 'I don't see how your cause is promoted by her presence among them.'

'Ah, well, perhaps you do not,' replied the priest; 'but at all events it is of service to you and to the

State, for it has enabled me to give you important information.'

Latimer thanked him, and turned the conversation to the white cross at the four roads they had left behind them, and said,—

'I wonder Protestant zeal against crosses has not uprooted that cross.'

'No,' said Father Philip, 'it is not protected by any right devotional feeling, but by the fact that it has always stood there in the memory of man. It would be considered unlucky to remove it. Would that the days of devotion and true religion returned for this benighted land. I have no doubt,' he added, 'that the white cross was a very sacred spot in former times, and that thousands of pilgrims visited it. Now, these farmers ride by and regard it no more than they would regard a milestone. I dare say, Captain Latimer, that you have often contrasted in your own mind the devotional feelings you saw in Spain with what you see in this the land of boasted light. I have Spanish blood in my veins on my mother's side, and it has been a long cherished wish to visit a land so distinguished for her adhesion to the true faith.'

'I grant,' replied Latimer, 'that the comparison has been made by me perhaps not to the advantage of my countrymen. I freely confess that the open churches in Spain do contain apparently many sincere worshippers. Perhaps the sufferings and

troubles caused by the war may have intensified the feelings. I am afraid, however, that among the Spanish soldiers, when you come close to them, you find very little religious principles.'

'Ah,' replied the priest, 'men in large bodies hide their devotional feelings, and are ashamed of the holy name of Christ, but I venture to say they never neglected to make the sign of the cross when the conversation or their position demanded it.'

'Some of them frequently crossed themselves, I observed,' said Latimer, 'but we did not always find those officers among the Spaniards the most to be depended upon, who were most careful in the observance of this religious practice of yours.'

'Ought not the practice to be yours also, Captain Latimer? What can be more becoming, what more capable of reminding man of that Blessed One, who gave His life on a cross as well as death.'

'I grant,' replied Latimer, 'that we ought to remember Him at all times; but we Protestants, as you call us, consider the better way to remember our Saviour and His cross is by real acts of secret self-denial, when occasion requires them of us. It seems to us a very easy way of remembering the cross to merely make the sign before yourselves, and likely to degenerate into a mere Pharisaical obtrusion in the minds of others of your piety and belief.'

'I make every allowance,' replied his companion,

‘for the blindness and invincible ignorance of the Protestant mind. I am aware that it is impossible outside the pale of the true Church rightly to see and understand these things. If you only knew the unspeakable comfort and strength it affords in all dangers and difficulties, you would think differently.’

‘I do not see,’ replied Latimer rather warmly, ‘why we are incapable of judging of such a matter. It seems to me one on which any man of reflection and right feeling is capable of forming a just opinion.’

‘Well, I don’t wish to argue,’ said the priest. ‘I have little doubt that a man of your ability and devotional mind will be led to the right way, and will become a faithful son of our Holy Mother, the Church.’

They then travelled together for several miles in comparative silence. The clergyman had again mounted his horse, and their conversation consisted of little more than remarks on any chance incident. Latimer, however, could not fail to observe that his companion’s replies seemed always spoken with a view to keep the thoughts of their recent conversation in Latimer’s mind. They had now come within sight of a village not far distant, and Father Philip, pointing to it, said,—

‘That is my destination, and the most blessed spot of old England. Your Reformation has never led the people of that hamlet from their Saviour and their God. I will not ask you to go with me to our

college, although the warden would welcome you ; but it is better that we should not be seen together. You cannot miss your road to Furcliffe. We shall meet again, and you shall have my unworthy prayers or your preservation in this dangerous business.'

Rising in his stirrups, he bowed to Latimer and cantered by a by-path to the hamlet he had pointed out. When left to himself Latimer reviewed the events of last night and morning, and then considered over and over again the plans of action which the knowledge he had gained suggested. He walked briskly, and it was still early in the day when he entered Furcliffe, and sought the lodging in which he expected to find the friend whom he had named to the clergyman and lawyer. As he entered the room a young man sprang up from a chair before the fire, where he was reclining with his feet against the mantelpiece, and exclaimed,—

'Bravo, old boy! I am so glad you are come back. This place is as dull as ditchwater. There is nothing in the world to do. I want to be at the smuggling thieves to warm my blood, and interest myself in something. I sent, as we agreed, to withdraw the coastguard men from the stations, and they are all down at the shore wondering what they are to do. I mean to drill them presently, to make them suppose that to be my object in summoning them here. They do not look a very fighting lot; they are too fat and comfortable. I

asked one of them if there was any smuggling, and he said at odd times and on dark nights there might be a little, but that they kept a very sharp look-out.'

'My information does not agree with that,' said Latimer, and he told all his adventures to his companion, who exclaimed,—

'Bravo! what a romance,—a lonely walk, a benighted traveller, a mysterious cottage, a recluse, an old hypocrite, a robber's cave, and a Jesuit riding a coal black steed, knowing all about you. I long to be having a game at long bowls with the smuggling craft. The *Daphne* will soon make her cry 'peccavi.' We must have a land attack and a sea ditto simultaneously. I see the whole plan. Some of your men must be concealed near the robber's cave, and some in the wood nearer the sea, and some somewhere else, and drive the smugglers clean out of their hiding places. They all retreat to their boats, desert their horses and the stuff, they get on board in spite of your efforts, I swoop round the corner with the *Daphne* and bag the lot, as sure as my name is Arthur Brooke.'

'Not quite so fast,' said Latimer, 'they are very cunning, and will have persons ready to report all our movements. Dingrose must be got out of the way altogether, or we should not have a chance; and yet if we take him they will be suspicious. We must entice him away on some plea, and he

must be at liberty, and they must know that, or they will not dare to move.'

'Bravo, generalissimo,' said Brooke, 'I see I shall have to play second fiddle in this business. You are a long-headed fellow, Latimer. Well, I am willing ; only I hope it will not be a tedious game.'

'There is smuggling carried on at all the fishing villages,' replied his companion. 'I went by a wonderfully quaint place. The little village nestles in a gorge of the cliffs, and from the sea only a few houses can be seen. I slept there, and the fishermen told me that Troutbeck, where I saw the cargo run, is the main place for the work—which I can well believe, because they seemed at this other singular place to live a great deal by fishing. I have no doubt when they get scent of our purpose they will all be in league, and that all the small farmers will join them and ride about as scouts to give information.'

'The plot thickens,' replied Brooke. 'I tell you what, we shall have some warm work. This is delightful. I feel as lively again at the very thought. But, old fellow, you will have all the fun. I wish my father had not made me a sailor. I have a great mind to have a land force too, of these fat rascals and some of my best men, and command them myself, and put the lieutenant of the coastguard into the *Daphne*.'

'That won't do, though, if he makes a mistake

I shall get the wiggling ; and my men would not like it either. He will stand upon his own dignity, too, and want to command his own men, of course.'

'At any rate we are in for some fun, and the poor devils will get into trouble. And we shall see in the *Gazette* shortly : "Captain Frank Latimer to be major, without purchase, for distinguished service. Arthur Brooke, commander, to be captain, for ditto." And then I shall have a jolly frigate, and if they do not send me to the coast of Africa, I do not care where I go. And when I come home I shall find Colonel Latimer commanding his regiment, and then we shall have to think seriously of settling down in life, and taking wives unto ourselves as our forefathers did,—for which we have much to thank them,—and we shall teach our children, if we have any, the way they should go, and all that sort of thing.'

Latimer laughed at his volatile friend's rapid forecast of their destiny, and said,—

'Well, Brooke, you deserve a good wife, and I am sure you would make any woman happy. You have family and connections ; but I am, you know, utterly ignorant how I came into the world, and depend upon my profession for everything I have,—except that an unknown benefactor, through a London agent, makes me a quarterly allowance ; but to my repeated endeavours to discover who he was, and

to thank him, I have always received replies that any attempt to break through the mystery on my part would ensure a cessation of all communication, I was educated in Holland, as you know, and I was put into the army through the agency of the house in London. The Peninsular war has given me a rapid promotion, and here I am. When we first met, in London, two years ago, I was home on sick leave for three months, and since that I have commanded the depot. I long to get back again to my regiment, and fight under Wellesley. I was through all the chief events in Spain, and never had but one slight wound.'

'Well,' said Brooke, 'you are in now for a different sort of work. I wish, now, these were pirates or something of that sort; I dare say some of them take up smuggling for a bit of a lark, and for the sake of adventure. By Jove, I think I should turn smuggler myself if I were in their place; it must be so uncommonly dull.'

'Did you not say,' asked Latimer, 'that your father knew a gentleman who resided in this neighbourhood, and that you have a letter for him?'

'Ah, by jingo,' said his friend, 'I had forgotten that. What have I done with that now? I hope I have not lost it. Let me see, what was the name? I was to be sure and call and present the letter at the first opportunity. The name began with an M.'

He turned out a lot of his papers and letters from his desk without success, and then said,—‘I remember the name, it was Maxwell. If I could only find the letter I might go at once, and I might reconnoitre the ground of action and get to know the country too.’

‘I did not hear the name,’ said Latimer, ‘but I fancy I passed close to a pretty place on the right side, just after I left the wood, and I quite think it will be well for you to call at all events, even if you do not recover your letter of introduction. You had better not make known your connection with me. You are on surveying service as well as this, and so you can truthfully mention that as a reason for your appearance on this coast.’

The two friends then took a walk, and Brooke carried out his intention of drilling the coastguard men. They retired early to rest, it being agreed between them that if Brooke found his letter to Mr Maxwell, he should call on him, while Latimer returned to Everton to see after some twenty-five rank and file and two sergeants who were under his orders, and march them down to some inland town or village, from which they might be brought easily upon the coast without exciting suspicion. In the middle of the night Latimer found his friend in the room in an excited state, exclaiming,—

‘I have just remembered where I put the letter. Mr Maxwell lives at Holly Bank.’

Latimer said,—

‘Well, my good fellow, you might have told me this in the morning.’

‘Ah, but you see,’ answered Brooke, ‘my temperament will not allow me to take things so coolly as you do. My old governor would have been exceedingly vexed if I had lost the letter; and I dare say they are a very nice family. Besides, if I make their house my headquarters while I am surveying the coast, I can find out all about the moves of the smugglers without exciting suspicion, and besides get to know all the by-ways of the country. If I meet the Jesuit chap, you see if I don’t pose him.’

Latimer on the next day saw his friend off in his cutter. It was a bright sparkling morning, with a pleasant breeze from the east.





CHAPTER IV.

THE cutter, in order not to excite suspicion as to her chief object, surveyed the coast the whole way. Brooke had on board all the coastguard men of the different stations. He went on shore at the fishing village Latimer had named to him for its romantic situation and singular appearance. His visit caused quite an excitement; the whole population turned out and crowded the narrow beach. The prevailing idea was that the French were coming, and the *Daphne* had been sent to protect the fishing.

Brooke met the lieutenant of the coastguard, and found him to be a simple-hearted, very straightforward sailor. When told of the undertaking, he said,—

‘Well, sir, it is a very serious matter. I confess there is a great deal of smuggling done, and I cannot get my men to be sufficiently on the alert. I believe they often shut their eyes and look another way when they suspect the smugglers are at work.’

‘They will have to look out now pretty sharply, or I shall be down upon them,’ said Brooke. ‘We mean to make a clean sweep of these gentry by sea and land. By the way, lieutenant, do you know anything of a family of the name of Maxwell somewhere in these parts?’

‘Indeed,’ answered his companion, ‘I know too much—that is, of the son, for he is mixed up with the poachers, although I believe he only goes for the sake of adventure, and his father believes him to be out fishing when he is absent on these occasions. He is quite young. Mr Maxwell has a daughter older than this son. She is a charming girl, and as good as she is pretty.’

‘What sort of man is the Papa Maxwell?’ asked Brooke.

‘Oh,’ was the reply, ‘an easy-going country gentleman, fond of his garden and fox-hunting, possessed of good shrewd sense, not a reader of books, a man who lives out of doors, sleeps generally in the evening, rises very early, sees to every thing himself, and has his estate in capital order. He has been a widower for some years.’

They continued to coast along in the cutter’s boats, surveying every inch of the ground. Brooke found the coastguard officer well acquainted with such work, and delighted to do it; and the more they were together the more was Brooke impressed by his companion’s ability and knowledge under his

great simplicity of character and modest manners. He found him to be intimately acquainted with natural history, and he had a wonderful story for every seaweed and zoophyte they came across.

Towards nightfall they anchored off Troutbeck. In the morning Brooke went early on shore, and sauntered up to the 'Jolly Sea Gull.' He was met at the door by Dingrose, who accosted him at once, and showed that he knew through his scouts all about the movements of the cutter the day before.

'Well, maaster Captain, what do you think of our coast? 'Taint a nice one to be on with easterly gale driving ye on to the rocks, is it? Not the sort of place that smugglers like. It is a quiet place, ain't it? We don't see vessels like yours from one year's end to the other. There was a tidy craft here a few days ago, maybe a consort of your honour's; a schooner she was, maybe you command them both, Captain, and your mate sails t'other 'un?'

Brooke replied that he had seen nothing of the schooner, and suggested that she was perhaps a Dutch smuggler, or a vessel that got out of her course accidentally from the last storm.

'Ah, to be sure,' replied Dingrose, 'ye be right. No doubt she came here accidental like. There ain't a doubt of it. Does your honour think she has gone away accidental too?'

On Brooke's inquiry as to the way to Holly Bank, he answered,—

'Tis a nice walk ; ye clim yon cliff, and keep to the left of the wooded hill right afore ye, and ye come into village, and t' big house stands at end of it. Squire Maxwell is one of the right sort,—a friendly neighbour, and his son is as fine a young fellow as ever walked.'

Brooke bid him good morning, and Dingrose, looking after him, muttered to himself, 'Surveying vessel, is she? Ah, I dare say. Surveying, to be sure! No, my fine chap, you are not a-coming it over Jock Dingrose quite so easy.' He called a strange-looking lad who was hanging about the house, and said,—'You must gang with a message up to yon big tree, and tell 'em to look out, there's a shark after 'em.'

Brooke walked leisurely on. When he came in sight of the village, he turned up on to the hill, and walked through the woods until he found himself right above Mr Maxwell's house. It then occurred to him that he was too early to call, so he determined to walk on further. After crossing the top of the park, he turned round, while he began unconsciously to talk out loud to himself. 'A beautiful country! What nice woods, what a capital family house; near the sea, too, just the place I should like. I quite envy Mr Maxwell. What a pity Providence has not given me just such an estate.'

At this point of this interesting wish, he was

startled by a low but pleasant laugh, and he saw a young girl smiling, while she blushed as she passed down a pathway that crossed his road. Brooke took off his cap, and advanced to overtake her, saying,—

‘You heard my rhapsody. The fact is, I am going to call on Mr Maxwell, and I am too early. I am Captain Brooke, of the *Daphne*, engaged on surveying service. I have a letter of introduction from my father.’

She replied,—

‘I am sure my father will be glad to see you at once. We are early risers. I always take an early walk with this companion,’ and she patted an enormous dog that walked by her side in stately dignity between them.

‘Then I am indeed fortunate,’ said Brooke, and in five minutes they were talking together as old acquaintances, as she guided him through the woods. Brooke felt almost sorry that the walk had ended as they drew near to the house. It was a comfortable square mansion, built of stone. Miss Maxwell led the way through a small hall into the breakfast-room. A young lad of seventeen was sitting by the fire, with two or three white terriers by him. Without looking round, he said,—

‘I am so glad you are come in. I am so desperately hungry, Gerty.’

Without replying to him, she said,—

‘My brother Philip ; Captain Brooke, a friend of papa’s.’

The boy awkwardly rather than shyly made a kind of bow, saying, ‘Glad to see you, sir,’ and then calling a terrier to him he nursed it on his knees without further speech. A hearty voice and very loud was heard in the hall, and a fine-looking man, with a frank expression, laughing blue eyes, and shaggy eyebrows, entered the room. His daughter had already sent him word of the presence of their visitor, whom he accosted as if every word were meant and felt, with the true friendship and sympathy of the English gentleman.

‘Bravo, Captain Brooke, you have stolen a march upon us. Didn’t know you were in the country. Remember your father well. Haven’t seen him for I don’t know how long. We will show you some sport. You shall go out with the hounds, or if you prefer to shoot, Philip here knows how to find the game, and bring it down too, young as he is. I have just given him a Manton. But where do you come from ? We have not much communication with the world. We live in Everton for a couple of months in the year, and then I sometimes take Gerty up to London ; but down in the country here we seldom see new faces.’

Brooke explained that he was engaged on surveying service. On hearing this Mr Maxwell exclaimed,—

‘By George! then we have a chance of getting a harbour of refuge at last. I will show you the place. It can be done at no great expense. We will ride down after breakfast, and I will explain to you all my plan. I know the whole coast as well as any man from the Murth to the Foyle.’

He rattled on upon this subject for some time, and it appeared much to interest him. At last he said there was only one reason for not having a harbour of refuge, and that was that it would help the smugglers. The son, who all this time had not spoken, although frequently appealed to by his father, now abruptly said,—

‘They ran a big cargo after the last storm.’

‘How do you know that?’ said his father earnestly, and added, ‘Ah, my boy, some of those friends of yours, with whom I object to see you, will persuade you to smuggle too.’

The son, with more warmth and animation than he had shown, replied,—

‘I will never disgrace my father nor my name.’

Brooke was easily persuaded to make these pleasant quarters his own for some days. To keep up appearances he frequently went down to the coast and cruised about in the *Daphne*. When the weather permitted the Maxwell party accompanied him. At all times Philip was ready, and delighted to learn all he could about the system of sailing the vessel under various winds. He became a favourite

with the sailors, and was, they declared, born to be a sailor. On other days Brooke was taken out hunting or shooting, or walked to neighbouring villages with Mr Maxwell and his daughter. More than a week had passed, and Brooke began to think it was strange he had heard nothing from Latimer. Another week passed, until he felt uneasy, and at last with regret he took his leave and sailed back to Furlcliffe. He found a letter at the post-office there addressed to him at Mr Maxwell's. In this letter Latimer told him he had arranged his plans, and would be down within an easy march of Troutbeck on a day about three days before that on which Brooke was reading the letter. He said he found he could come down by Buckton and Swinton, through Foxdale, and could quarter his men at Merton without fear of suspicion, and then would come on himself to see the gentlemen at Massingberd and afterwards join Brooke. Brooke was exceedingly annoyed at the non-delivery of the letter, and asked the postmistress why the letter had not been forwarded.

'It was agoing to be forwarded next week. My niece is agoing to stay with a uncle's brother by marriage you see, one Dingrose, at a place they call Troutbeck, and she will tak' it.'

'Why, woman,' he angrily replied, 'the letter is for me.'

'Oh, is it,' said this excellent postmistress of

ancient days. 'Then I suppose she needn't tak' it. You'll tak't yourself; but if you change your mind she can tak' it, she's a canny lass.'

'How absurd,' said Brooke, while inwardly rejoicing that the letter had not fallen into the hands of Dingrose. 'I tell you the letter is addressed to me.'

'Oh, is it? My niece said it was written on "Maaster Maxwell," I ken him,' imperturbably replied this admirable official of postal arrangements in those days.

We must now return to Latimer, who found his men at Everton, in good order. He only told them generally that they were going to put down some disturbance in the north, that a certain district was not very quiet. He exhorted them, if they should be engaged, to endeavour to wound and disable rather than to kill. To the sergeants he was more open, and told them the nature of the service in which the troops were to be employed. One sergeant was an intelligent man, and entered upon the undertaking with zeal and energy. But the other made objections, and hinted that in his opinion His Majesty's soldiers ought not to be employed in such a service; and further added that he thought a few young fellows who did a little smuggling were doing very little harm. While he was talking it suddenly struck Latimer that the sergeant was a Liasshire man, his speech being similar, and he now and then could

detect phrases he had heard in Hillsland, and peculiarities of its dialect. On questioning him he allowed he was a Liasshire man, and actually came from that part of the country to which they were going. Sergeant Padox was not, however, very communicative ; but he gave sufficient answers to enable Latimer to see that he was perfectly acquainted with the country, and the shortest roads. This man was considered by the men a religious kind of a man, but he was not generally liked. He did his duties well, he had been many years in the army, and was attached to Latimer's force on account of his age and known steadiness of character. He had grey restless eyes, and a crooked mouth,—a sure token of untruthfulness, or at least of insincerity. He was always, when talking, fidgeting with his hands, often rubbing his chin. He had a bland manner, and was rather too obsequious to his superiors, while he was often harsh with the men on duty.

The march of the little company of soldiers due north from Everton excited no attention. It was Latimer's desire to march on the first day nearly to Swinton, but when they had accomplished nearly eighteen miles, he saw that it would be more wise to halt at once, and keep the men in good order. They were now passing through a park and beautiful woods ; and on the left, immediately above them, they saw a fine old castle covered with ivy, which interested Latimer, and which his men also admired. Sergeant

Pardox informed Latimer that they were coming to a village which he knew, and was in point of fact his home. This at once decided the matter of halting, and he also said that this was Lingwood Castle. And while they halted immediately below the sloping terraces of the castle gardens, he wrote a list of the names of the villagers, which he had obtained when lately home on leave, in order that the men might be equally billeted through the village. While Latimer was making these arrangements with his sergeants, a message came from the castle with a kind invitation for the officer, if the men were to be quartered for the night in the village. The entrance of the little company, although an unusual event, seemed to excite very little surprise or interest. A few children gathered round the men, and when they saw the soldiers billeted upon their own homes, they followed into the houses to stare at them, or looked slyly in at the doorways,—the fact being that a quiet people realise an idea very slowly, and before they had time to wonder, each family found they had one or two soldiers as inmates for the night. The arrangements were soon made, and the two sergeants accompanied the officer on his way to the castle to receive his last instructions.

He dismissed them at the top of the hill, just beneath a rookery. The summer inmates of the tall trees were flying about, as if they intended to commence building. It was one of those pleasant

mild winter days, when the air is warm and soothing, which appears to mislead the rooks, and makes them imagine that the cold season has nearly passed over, and that it is time to pick up sticks.





CHAPTER V.

WHILE the officer is being most kindly and hospitably entertained at the castle, we will enter a cottage which stands inside the Park, not far from the lodge gates into the village. Two men are sitting together and talking as old friends and acquaintances, and they have that sort of satisfied look which men have when they have obtained a listener who will be interested, and when they are discussing a subject on which they have much to say and hear. One of the men is Sergeant Pardox ; the other we must describe and name. A man about middle age, with a low forehead, very light hair and ferret eyes, and an habitual stoop of the shoulders. He is known as Simon Sample, is not a native of the place, but has resided there for some years. Although more than suspected of getting his living dishonestly, he has not been disturbed, and his rent is almost nominal. All that is known about him is that he had come out of Hillsland. Tapping his pipe on

the fireplace previous to re-filling, he said to his companion,—

‘Well, Nat, my lad, and tell me what you have been a-doing of since we parted up yon way, and how came ye into this line of business? Gad, who would have thought that Nat Pardox would ever turn soldier, to keep order like? Ye allays was a deep ’un, mon; what’s in the wind now?’

‘We are going,’ said the other, ‘to put down disturbances in the north.’

‘Disturbances!! there ain’t no disturbances anywhere in these parts; folks is too poor. At Buckton and Swinton, and all up the dale, things be as dead as dead,’ exclaimed his companion, whose manner expressed still more than these words. He continued in the same strain of surprise,—‘Chaps find it hard to scrapple together enow to keep body and sowl together. They are all as quiet as mice. Times are changed since the days we knew, and the merry bouts we had together with Jack Harford and Sam Brack, and all of them.’

‘Ah,’ replied the sergeant, ‘times are altered; we all change. Since I saw you in the days you speak of, I view things differently. I am a changed man, Sample. The Lord has been gracious to me.’

Simon looked at him out of the corner of his eyes with a sly twinkle, and his lips drew together, as if he were going to whistle. The sergeant put down his pipe, and stretching one hand before the

fire, while he stroked his chin with the other, said,—

‘You see, my friend, I am like the apostle. When I was a child I was often in company that was not worthy of me. Since I have been an object of grace I have been enlightened. The mist is gone from my eyes, and I am now a humble instrument to lead those who go astray right again.’

Simon whistled out loud and slapped his knee, exclaiming,—

‘Come, this is a move! Come, old sodger—for ye allays war an old ’un—ye are not coming this over me! What—have I not been with you a score of times, poaching and larking, and spreeing and drinking,’ and dropping his voice, he added, ‘smuggling? And wasn’t you the leader?—that is, of the plan, for I do remember you allays left other folk to carry it into practice like.’

‘I forgive you,’ said Pardox, rising from his chair, ‘for recalling these painful memories to my chastened spirit. I am another man now altogether; these are past dreams. Ask what character Sergeant Pardox bears in the regiment, and you will hear that he was never once in the defaulters’ book since he joined, and you will hear, too, that he is a class-leader and a real serious man.’

Sample scratched his head as if he found this change in his friend very difficult to realise, but taking a drink, made no direct reply; and thinking

he might find out what his companion really was in another way, he asked him abruptly,—

‘And who’s t’ offisher chap ye have got here?’

‘A well-meaning young man,’ said the sergeant. ‘Quite in the dark in the real matters, but well-intentioned—yes, well-intentioned; a lad of spirit, and a koind lad, but sadly wanting and ignorant of the way of grace—not over willing to tak’ good advice of them as knows better and has age and experience. If he’d be advised by me he would manage this here expedition differently. In his way of going to work he will stir up a deal of trouble, and there’ll be bloodshed and all, and then it won’t do no good.’

‘Why can’t ye tell a chap what ye are up to?’ said Sample. ‘Ye know I can keep anything close. Do ye mind that business about Farmer Smither’s cattle. I allows if they know’d who ’twas as did that job, they would be for taking you now.’

Pardox, again standing up, said,—

‘Simon Sample, I tell ye, once for all, I have nowt to do with those unregenerate days; I am free from the blood of all men. My sins are forgiven, I thank God. I have a clear conscience. What may have been done when I hadn’t a right understanding will not be laid to my charge.’

‘Well done, mate! I’m blessed if you haven’t made an easy creed as ever was for wild chaps to go to heaven!’ said Sample, looking upon his com-

panion almost with admiration for his cleverness. 'But come, tell us what's up; may be I could lend a hand? I know t' Hillsland country better nor you, if you be going there. Ye ain't going to put down smuggling now—is that it? Come, ye have no call to tell if ye have promised your offisher like; just give a nod. What! ye won't then? You are a close chap. Well, if ye won't tell an old pal I'll find out for mysell, and I'll slip up to Hillsland and tell t' smugglers ye be coming, and they can make all safe and quiet.'

'P'rhaps,' said Pardox, 'ye might do that now. I have not told you anything, you see. The smugglers might think we was coming to put them down, and if they kept out of the way for a month, say, why, it would be all the better.'

'I'll away t' morn and see some of them. Dingrose and Jack Harford and Sam Brack, and I can tell 'em what a changed man ye are, and that ye don't mind any one knowing what ye did in them dark days, as ye call 'em, Nat.'

'Stop, my friend,' replied his companion. 'I don't say that; and perhaps, as ye know so much, and have guessed pretty near, there can be no harm in letting you into the secret. We are going to put down smuggling and drive 'em out altogether; and there's another sailor chap, a friend, as has to attack 'em by sea while we drives 'em out by land.'

‘Ye are never going to show ’em, Pardox, all the hiding-places—the cave near the big tree, all t’ cellars under the big house, yon?’

‘I shall do my duty as a sergeant of the Ninety—th Light Infantry. I don’t see that I need try to remember where those places are ye speak of.’

‘Try to remember! Well, ye are a deep one. Ye’ll make believe next ye have never been there.’

‘Ah, my friend,’ said his complacent companion, ‘ye haven’t found the blessed rest of spirit. The past is to me like a dream, as I tell ye, and I have nowt to do with it now.’

‘Oh, then, if I tell Dingrose and t’ others what chap ’twas as did many of them things as they got blamed for, ye care nowt now.’

‘No, I don’t say that,’ said his friend, at last a little moved; ‘but come, now, ye go as ye proposed, and tell them misguided men that the arm of the law is upon them, and the day of vengeance is at hand. I will scatter them; I will scatter them as with the east wind before the enemy.’

‘I’m very much afeared ye won’t go straight, Nat,’ said Sample, not influenced at all by this last effusion. ‘It would be a shame to be hard upon your old friends, and, after all, smuggling ain’t half so bad as—,’ and he whispered into his companion’s ear.

Pardox, in spite of his imperturbable demeanour, changed colour, and showed he was at last moved

by his acquaintance's reminiscences. He became immediately more communicative, and the conversation ended in a regular agreement that Sample was to go up to Hillsland, and Pardox would give him information from time to time to enable the smugglers to keep out of the way until the soldiers were withdrawn.

The next morning the little company of soldiers were early on the march. They had with them two strong but light carts to carry what baggage they required. Passing through Buckton and Swinton, they made their way up Foxdale and the Sheepgate pass soon after mid-day, and were down in Merton and comfortably quartered there soon after dusk.

The next day, leaving his men in the charge of the sergeants, and assuming civilian dress, Latimer walked over to Massingberd to see the magistrates and confer with them. Afterwards he intended to go on board Brooke's cutter and arrange their plans for simultaneous action. He found the magistrates at Massingberd, now that he had really come with full power and means, readily disposed to co-operate with energy, and having laid his plans before them, he modified them on several points at their suggestion. He remained a day or two in conference with them, and was hospitably entertained by the squire, and took his leave to join Brooke on the day he had named in his letter.

We must now transport ourselves to the little

public-house at Troutbeck. Dingrose is sitting in a contemplative mood, looking into the fire, when the clatter of horse's hoofs called him to the door, and to find Father Philip on the same black horse he had ridden when he overtook Latimer.

'Good morning,' said he, in a most affable manner, 'my friend Dingrose, I am glad to see you are quietly at home. I hope these reports I hear about your conniving at the smuggling are untrue. I want you now to oblige me in a little matter ; there is a young gentleman about these parts now, a tall man, with a quiet, determined manner.'

'I mind him,' said Dingrose, 'a sprightly chap ; commands surveying vessel out yon.'

'No, no ; not that man—a taller man, with more command of look about him, something such a man as the old lord was, if you remember him.'

'Dang it ! I know now,' said Dingrose, slapping his thigh. They were still talking at the door. Father Philip leaning down from his horse to speak in Dingrose's ear, while his horse stood like a statue. 'I ken him, talks friendly-like, and looks at ye kindly-like, something dowly and parson-like.'

The priest smiled at the expression, but only replied,—

"I see you know the man. I want him watched, for reasons you needn't know. My lord wants him watched. Who can you trust to do this, and report to you exactly what he does?'

‘Leave that to me, maaster, I mean your Reverence. Why, there’s no one equal to canny Johnny M’Grath. That’s his name, but he allays gets Myke. Myke is the boy we want; he ain’t all there—folks say his mother had a fright—but to my mind he’s sharper nor most folks, when ye set him such a job as this.’

‘I think it’s possible,’ replied the priest, ‘that this young man may be in the neighbourhood again shortly. I may tell you in confidence, Dingrose, that he is employed by Government, that he has come down, in short, to put down smuggling, but that does not concern you if you have nothing to do with that. If you have any influence with the smugglers, and you should happen to know that they had any suspicion of his object in being here, and if you thought there was danger that they might lay violent hands upon him, you might persuade them just to take him quietly and keep him out of the way for a while, under Bridget’s care in the cave.’

Dingrose more than gave a half-start during this speech, but he looked up innocently into the priest’s face and said,—

‘You may depend on me to oblige you and my lord. I will have this young man watched as ye say, and I’ll tell ye what he does.’

‘Thank you, my friend, you will be the means of doing more good than you are aware of. Will you further oblige me by accepting this,’ said the

priest, while he slipped a guinea into his hand. 'You know I cannot patronise your house, but I wish you well. Good morning.' And so saying, he rode quietly away, and Dingrose turned into his house, and sat down in his room with a considerably puzzled look, and began talking to himself. 'Whew! what's in the wind now? This means summat now. I know ye Maaster Priest, ye are a deep one, ye allays was. It means gang along and tak' this youth for me, get yoursell into trouble to please me. I have a great mind to do nowt in the matter. Humph, it wouldn't be half a bad plan to tak' him as t' priest says; if he's t' head man like, the botheration couldn't gang on. Yes, I'll watch him and t' other chap too, who's love making up at Maxwell's, but young Maxwell will tell me all about he.'

He went out into a kind of outhouse and called up into a loft, 'Myke, my lad, mak' haste doon now, will ye. I am wanting of ye.'

In a moment the lad slid down the loft stair, laughing and dancing round him, and saying,—

'Myke's yer boy, Myke can run, Myke can see, Myke can hear, I believe ye. Oh, he's a sharp boy is Myke, is Myke,' he repeated. 'He knows the flowers, and the birds know Myke. I believe ye. Myke knows everything. Oh, he's a clever lad, a clever lad.'

'Now Myke,' said Dingrose after listening patiently

and watching the boy's antics, 'would ye like to earn this,' and he held up the guinea between his fingers.

The boy looked at the guinea, and exclaimed, 'One of the king's real yellow boys. 'Taint the first as Myke's has had, and it won't be the last. I will wark for it, wages paid on Saturday night for poor Myke for four weeks, and a shilling now as hansel. Give your orders. I'm your man.'

'I want a tall gentleman who may be walking about in these woods in a day or two watched. He was here one morning early, just after the last run we had, and I lent him t' galloway to gang away to Massingberd, the dolt that I was. Do ye mind him?'

'Mind him? I followed him into Massingberd, see him go into parson's house, see him come out again, see him go up on t' moor, I followed him up t' hill until priest overtook me, and I telled he about him. I allays tell's he anything I knowson.'

'The devil you do!' said Dingrose. 'But never mind; there is no harm done. All you have to do now is to watch this stranger and just tell me all about him, what he does and where he goes, and may be that guinea won't be the last you'll earn.'

'All right, maaster,' said the strange lad. 'Myke's a clever lad. I am listed in your service, see,' and he took out a bright ribbon from his pocket and

tied it to his cap, threw a somersault two or three times, and ran away shouting, 'Myke's a clever lad, Myke's a clever lad, I believe ye.'

The same day towards evening a man came to the 'Jolly Sea Gull,' and asked if he could step in and have a lodging for the night. Dingrose looked him over and then quietly said,—

'Yes, old partner, ye can, and welcome.'

'To think ye'd know me now after all these years,' said the other.

'Simon Sample,' said Dingrose, 'there ain't a many as have faces like yourn.'

'I have got some news for you,' said the other. 'T' soldiers are coming to put down smuggling. A captain, two sergeants, and twenty-five men. I counted them. They are by this time at Merton. There's a slippery chap among them as you remember. He's turned religious like; Nat Pardox, you remember he? He's sergeant now, but he's going to give me information what t' soldiers does. It won't do to trust he too much or he'll sell us, and blow up the whole thing.'

The two worthies then entered into a long conversation, the nature of which may be guessed, from what the reader already knows and from what will follow.





CHAPTER VI.



FEW days after these events, Latimer, having left Massingberd for the coast, was looking from the heights above Troutbeck, in search of Brooke's cutter. She was not visible on either side ; there were many sails on the water, but not one that he could distinguish as the vessel of his friend. At last he thought she might be gone up to the first port on the Murth for repairs, and walking down to the sands he reached them by a beautiful glen. Some snow had fallen, but not enough to make any foot-prints. The ground was hard and the air frosty. He walked along the sands in a westerly direction, acting rather under impulse than on any fixed plan, until he found himself by a little village, close upon the sea. The cliffs had here gradually lowered until they were no more than low banks, against which the sand was piled by the wind. Latimer noticed the church at some little distance from the main street, which he entered, and inquired

for the house of the clergyman, as he thought he might safely ask him if he had seen the cutter the day before, and also learn something of the people of the place, and how far they were connected with the smuggling. He did not send in his name, but simply said a 'gentleman would be glad to speak to the clergyman.' He was readily admitted and received kindly by Mr Temple, of whom Dingrose had spoken. In an instant Latimer felt how true was the estimate of this man's character. An exceeding kindness of manner, with great frankness of speech, drew Latimer towards him immediately, as he said,—

'I have ventured as a stranger to intrude upon your time, sir, to ask you whether you have seen anything of a vessel, a cutter, which has been lately on the coast.'

Mr Temple said,—

'Oh, frequently, but not for the last few days. I understand the captain of the vessel has been residing with Mr Maxwell; indeed, they were here and called, but I was not at home.'

Latimer then explained that he wished to join his friend, and perhaps would have said more about himself, and also have given his name, but at that moment the door opened, and a lady in a riding habit entered. She was tall and dark, with regular features and large grey eyes, looking more thoughtful than one so young should have appeared. In a pleasant voice she greeted

Mr Temple, who seemed most delighted to see her, and introduced Latimer as a friend of Captain Brooke's, and then said,—

‘Well, my child, and has Father Philip given you leave to wander out of his sight and his anxious guidance this fine morning?’

‘Oh, yes,’ she said, ‘I am not always under his control, although as a good Catholic I obey him in all things reasonable, as I ought to do, you know. But you are my Protestant father, and he never objects to my coming to see you. I have ridden Wellesley this morning, and have had a capital gallop on the sands; and we rode out into the sea too,—my dear horse enjoyed it as much as I did. I was here before I knew it, and I knew this was not one of your busiest mornings, so I came in.’

Latimer, on looking out of the window, saw the black horse we are already acquainted with, led by a groom, and immediately expressed his admiration for the horse, and also said that he had seen him before, and even ridden him. This introduction was sufficient to establish an intimate conversation between the three, on the sense and instinct of horses, and also their affection towards man. Latimer related several instances that had come under his eye in Spain, and from that began to describe partially one of the battles to illustrate the particulars. Both his hearers seemed exceedingly interested. The lady said, ‘I love to hear of battles. If I were a man, I would be soldier.’

The clergyman seemed very well acquainted with the details of the engagement to which Latimer was alluding. He, however, presently rose to take his leave, as he thought, as a stranger, it was time for him to retire, and also he felt he must return at once to Merton, and then to Furcliffe. Both his companions seemed to take leave of him with regret, for they felt that a man of uncommon character and great powers of mind, and excellence of heart, had left the room. When the lady remounted, she rode away thoughtfully, and at a foot pace returned to the castle. The clergyman wandered about his room in an unsettled manner, frequently sighed, and seemed in deep thought.

Latimer caught sight of the rider on Wellesley, followed by her groom, about an hour afterwards, when he was leaning over the heights above the beck, not a great way from the large tree near which was the cave. He was looking once more over the sea, and studying the country with a view to his plans of attack. At length he turned and walked along the top of the wood, and then briskly started for Massingberd in the most direct line he could find. He crossed a road, and found himself at the bottom of what he supposed was Mr Maxwell's park, and following a path went through a beautiful wood, leading to a mill. Just as he was entering a narrow lane, two men passed by in a cart, and two others on horseback. One of them immediately called out, 'Look out, Jim,

here's our game,' and he found himself suddenly seized by two men, who had been hiding in the thicket, while several others sprang up and were prepared to give assistance. Latimer instantly released himself from one of those assailing him, and at the same time seized a strong stick out of the man's hand, with which he immediately knocked down the other. He was going to strike again at his first assailant, when a stunning blow from behind him struck him to the ground, and he lost all consciousness.

When he came to himself he heard voices conversing in low tones, and on attempting to rise found that he was bound by strong ropes to a low trestle. There seemed but little light, and after a little while he realised that he was in a kind of cavern. An old woman seeing him open his eyes brought him a cooling drink, which he gladly accepted. She seemed to go away to a lower part of the cavern, and in about a quarter of an hour she brought a very nice basin of soup on a tray with a white napkin. The men now came near him, and one of them said,—

'We won't hurt ye, maaster, but ye must be quiet. Bridget will tak' care of you for a few days. We are smugglers, and we don't deny it. We have took you to spoil your game, and if you'll send word to your soldiers to gang home again, we'll let you go, and won't harm a hair of your head.'

Latimer thought it best to say but little in reply.

One of the men now proposed to untie him, and only keep him partly tied up. They proceeded to do this, but still so secured him that he was a helpless prisoner. On putting his hand to the back of his head he found that it was bleeding, and he then remembered the blow and his struggle near the mill. He asked for some water, which they brought him immediately, and one of them bathed his head with the tenderness of a mother, and after this they released him so that he could stand upright and walk a little to and fro. He felt numbed, and when they saw this they took him down to the lower part of the cave, into what appeared to be a cottage, and placed him before the fire. He could hear the murmuring of the beck just beneath the windows. They brought the trestle down, and having partially tied him as before told him he might go to sleep. The old woman began as if by habit to sing a low child's lullaby, and under the influence he fell asleep, and must have slept, as he imagined, for several hours. When he awoke the woman offered him a chicken, beautifully dressed, and this meal, again to his surprise, was served up with much neatness on a clean white napkin. There were many voices now in the cave above, and the smugglers were evidently disputing. Latimer heard himself spoken of several times as captain. At last the men began to quarrel. The old woman took little notice; they, however, called her up to bring them something to drink, and

in drinking they gradually talked themselves into a calmer condition, and also conversed in lower tones. Latimer naturally reflected on his own position. His greatest anxiety was on account of his soldiers, and he was also under the apprehension that Brooke might be tempted to act in some hasty and impulsive manner, especially if he should imagine from Latimer's disappearance that he had met with some foul play. He knew his impetuous nature well, which indeed was apparent in their earliest acquaintance.

Latimer was unable to conjecture by what means the smugglers had known both his person and his object. The only people acquainted with the intentions of the Government being the magistrates and Father Philip. It did not for a moment occur to him that the latter could be connected with his arrest; still less did he imagine that among his own soldiers he was bringing a spy and an informer to frustrate all his plans. The more he thought the whole matter over the less was he able to find a clue to the mystery. At last his mind settled down upon the thought that in some way Dingrose had discovered the secret through some of his agents, on account of some indiscreet utterance of one of those acquainted with the proposed attack upon the smugglers, and most probably in some way or other through Brooke or the lieutenant of the coastguard. While feeling no fear of any real danger to his own

person, he saw no prospects whatever of release from his imprisonment, unless he made the promise he was sure would presently be required of him, that he should withdraw his soldiers, and enter upon a solemn undertaking not to molest the smugglers or interfere in any way with them or their trade. Brooke's absence and the total disappearance of his vessel was another source of annoyance and anxiety, for which he could in no way account. He felt sure that Brooke had long before received his letter, and was acquainted with his successful march down to Merton. He thought, however, that after a few days the magistrates at Massingberd would take some steps to know what had become of him, when they wondered, as they would do, at his not commencing his plan of action. But, like a soldier, his chief anxieties were on account of his men. He knew the sergeants would not like to take the responsibility of marching back to Everton. He hoped, therefore, the magistrates would inform the Government of his disappearance, who would then send another officer to Merton. His mind then wandered to his interview with Mr Temple, whose face and kind manner were again and again recalled to his recollection, and at last it occurred to him to endeavour to send a message to this worthy man, informing him of his misfortune. He felt he had in him a friend who could be trusted, although their acquaintance was so slight, and he had not even, as he now remembered,

given his name. With this idea in his mind, he said to the old woman,—

‘Do you know Mr Temple?’

‘Yes, honey,’ she said, ‘and sure I do; and what of him?’

‘I want him to know I am here,’ answered Latimer softly. ‘Can you send a note for me?’

She looked round the cottage and pointed to a man lying asleep near the doorway, with a pistol in his hand. She came up close to Latimer and said,—

‘You write your letter; I will manage to send it.’

Latimer, on the spare leaf of a letter, wrote in pencil,—

‘DEAR SIR,—I am in the hands of the smugglers in the cave near the chestnut tree. Tell Captain Brooke, if you please, if the cutter comes back from Furcliffe. I must apologise for not giving my name when I called, inadvertently. Please forgive me for troubling you.—I am, yours very truly,

‘FRANK LATIMER.’

He wrote on the outside ‘Mr Temple,’ and he could not add more, as he did not know the name of the village. The old woman took the note without any remark, and busied herself in the duties of the cottage. A few minutes afterwards she took up a can as if to fetch water, and

stepping over the sleeping man, lifted the latch and walked out.

The man immediately roused himself and looked at Latimer, seizing the pistol at the same time. When he was satisfied, he sat up and waited until the old woman returned with the water. Another man shortly afterwards relieved him in his guard, and he retired up into the cave. As the night drew near the men again became noisy, and some new-comers appeared to have arrived. At last one of them exclaimed,—

‘What shall we do for a spree? What are we going to do with t’ soldier lad, now we have cotched he? War Jack Harford much hurt when he whanged he?’

‘Neea matters,’ said another. ‘Let’s have a gam’ with him,’ said a third; ‘let’s put him on his trial.’

This proposal was received by a general acclamation of approval, and the applause had hardly died away when another shout arose, and the voice which seemed to be the leading one exclaimed,—

‘Here’s t’ young squire. Coom in, sir—coom in. We be having sike a gam’.’

Another voice exclaimed,—

‘Let t’ young squire be t’ head man—judge, loike.’

This last proposal was even more readily and uproariously received than any of the others. A bright light now streamed down from the cave.

The smugglers having replenished the small smouldering fire which Latimer had observed in the cave, two of the party were ordered by the same voice that had so often spoken to bring up the prisoner, and they immediately rushed down into the cottage, laughing heartily at the prospect of some very novel amusement. They undid Latimer's bonds, and even said kindly, 'We won't hurt ye, lad,' while the man who guarded followed behind as they ascended into the large part of the cave. By the blaze of light Latimer could now see the size and dimensions of this hiding-place. It was upwards of thirty feet long in one direction, and about eight feet high. The men, about twenty altogether, were sitting round the fire, some on the ground and some on tubs set edgeways. On three or four tubs put together stood a rough table, and at this a young lad was sitting on a small tub, placed on a larger one. When he saw Latimer he whispered to some of the men near him, and appeared disinclined to perform the part allotted to him; but whatever his scruples may have been, his companions removed them by their answer; for standing up he made a preliminary speech,—

'Gentlemen of the Jury, the prisoner before you is accused of disturbing the neighbourhood. Listen to the charge brought against him, and give your judgment without fear or favour—guilty or not guilty.'

This was of course received by the said jury

with intense delight and satisfaction. One said, 'Eh, he's a dungeon of wit.' Even before the youthful judge had spoken, Latimer observed that he was very superior to his comrades in social position, his voice, manner, and whole tone of utterance confirmed it. The man whose voice Latimer had so often distinguished now rose, and, standing on his tub, said,—

'Gentlemen of the Jury, this here prisoner as stands before you, has been took in planning and plotting to put down t' trade. Now ye all knows as this here trade is the main support of maist folk in these parts. There ain't a man in Hillsdale as could addle enow to bring up bairns if t' warn't that he knew where to get stuff, and a glass of good gin keeps t' ould wife in good humour.' (A roar of laughter followed this remark.) 'This here prisoner, a captain or summat of that sort, has come down from Everton with a vast of soldiers to put down t' trade. A friend like told we about him, and t' gaumless lad is set to watch him by our governor. He sees him coom to-day and stand on yon hill; then he gangs away to Sandpit village to see t' church priest; then he comes back again, and speirs from a mon he had passed the shortest way to Massingberd.' (This incident Latimer himself had forgotten.) 'He gangs across Holly Bank Park. Farmer Matthews and I are in a house handy loike, and this mon comes in and tells we,

a friend of our governor's, Simon Sample. And then in comes t' gaumless lad and all, and tells we what he had seen, and Sample he says this is the man our governor wants took. So we rides round the road, and we takes two mair with light cart, we know'd our men were waiting near the mill, and we got round jist as this here captain come from down gang. He was ganging to turn up loaning, when I calls out to Jim, "Look out, Jim," and up they jumps, Jack Harford on the nar side, and Jim on far side. He shakes off Jim as if he wor no more nor a child, and taks stick out of Jim's hand and gee's Jack sike a blow as knocks him clean doon. Then he's jist agoing to sarve Jim same, when Sam Brack strikes in with both hands and floors he. Then we tak him, while he's in a dwalm like, and here he be.'

The youthful judge, who had manifested some uneasiness as he listened to this recital, seemed with some effort to take his part. He, however, clearing his throat, began without hesitation, but evidently feeling very uncomfortable in the position in which he found himself.

'Gentlemen, you have heard the charge against the prisoner. It is my duty as judge to tell you that you must now have witnesses to prove what you have heard.'

Upon this the leading speaker, who had been the accuser, arose, exclaiming,—

‘Witnesses, we don’t want no witnesses, we see’d him oursells!’

‘True, Frank,’ said the young judge, ‘but how do you know this is the captain of the soldiers?’

The question seemed a difficult one to answer. The men began to speak together in low voices. At last one of them said, ‘Fetch in t’ gaumless lad.’

‘Send doon for our governor to coom up,’ said another.

Two or three left the cave with these errands, and soon after they were gone the youthful judge said he must go, as it was getting late, and left them, much to their annoyance. They began rather angrily to dispute when a low voice of a new-comer was heard, and Father Philip advanced towards Latimer, saying, ‘My good friends, I have brought a note to you from John Dingrose.’ The note was taken by the leading man, who had been addressed as Frank by the young squire, and he read it out aloud, ‘You will let t’ soldier gang along with t’ priest, he will tak’ care of him for us. Don’t hurt him, lads; all come down here t’ morn and I’ll tell ye all about it.’

Without a word of remonstrance or a single remark they immediately released Latimer, and the priest, saying, ‘Good-night, my friends,’ quietly walked away, and Latimer followed, entirely unmolested. Some of the men even touched their hats, saying ‘No offence, Captain.’



CHAPTER VII.

IN the same day as that on which the events just recorded occurred—which terminated by Latimer leaving the cave in the company of Father Philip,—Dingrose, having saddled his pony early in the afternoon, and having loaded it with sundry articles, such as provisions of various kinds, which were placed in two large bags, walked in the direction of the cottage of the recluse, along the public road, the pony following him, and keeping close behind him. The hill was passed from which Latimer had seen the schooner, and after a further advance in the same direction Dingrose turned in at a gate, and following a lane scarcely used at all came down upon the glen and the cottage in which Latimer had slept. He proceeded to unload the pony at the little wicket-gate, and then saying ‘Gang away lad,’ the pony trotted round to the back of the house and disappeared.

He then, without knocking, carried the things he had brought into the house. The old woman was in

the room ; the only salutations exchanged were at first ' Well, mother,' ' Well, bairn.' She took up the various articles without any remarks, and put them away in a pantry ; then taking a bag from her pocket she laid down some money on the table near Dingrose, who was now sitting in the chimney corner, saying, ' The brass is the same, lad ? ' to which he merely nodded a reply. No words were exchanged for several minutes until she had finished the duties in which she had been engaged when Dingrose entered. He then said, ' And how's the maaster ? '

' Na, but middling,' was the answer. Another long pause followed until she came and sat down by his side, and putting her arm on his shoulder, she said, ' Ah'se gettin to be a poor sairy body. Ah can scarce do my bit of tons. Ah'se been sair worse since I see a ghost not lang since. Ah can think of little else noo.'

' A ghost, mother ; you be dreaming,' said Dingrose.

' It warn't a real ghost, bairn ; it war like ain lang gang. He war a little older, and a little stronger like.'

' Who are you talking about, mother ? What are ye fashing yoursel this gate for ? Ye be getting furrish on, and ye be too lonesome. Ye never were a maundering sort of a body. What gars ye tak this line noo ? '

' Wheea's ah talking about, lad ? Whea your ain foster-brother bairn.'

Dingrose now looked at his mother, feeling somewhat alarmed on her account, and understanding his thoughts, she said,—

‘He, as I see, war here twa weeks or mair past, the day ye coom last time. He slept here, and I lent him the young maaster’s claes, and he looked sair like.’

Dingrose of course immediately understood that his mother was speaking of Latimer, and thought it best to pass the matter over without further remark beyond saying, ‘I mind him, I see him next day on t’ hill topping.’ He did not wish to tell his mother of the discovery he had made through Sample as to Latimer’s purpose in coming into the neighbourhood, and which he also knew, as the reader is aware, from Father Philip. Still less did he feel disposed to inform her that at that very moment by his agents he was endeavouring to make Latimer his prisoner. He soothed his mother by saying, ‘He thought now she named it, he did see some likeness to the young maaster.’ Dingrose soon after left the cottage, saying, ‘God bless you, mother, I’ll slip down again to see you afore long.’

He whistled when outside, and the pony immediately trotted round with some hay still in his mouth. Dingrose tightened the saddle-girths and mounted; he cantered up the lane at a brisk rate, then suddenly pulling up, brought the pony into a walk, who unwillingly acquiesced in the arrange-

ment. Dingrose then began talking to himself, 'The young maaster was never married, as I knows on. He was a-courting Miss Clara, and she died after he. No wonder it sent the old man off his head somewhiles. It was a sair, awkward business altogether. Who can t' Captain be. Well, folk is like sometimes that ain't no kin ; 'tis curious, now.' This reflection seemed to satisfy him. He put the pony again into a canter, and reached home, where he found Sample waiting for him. Johnny M'Grath was there also, who immediately began dancing round the kitchen, saying, 'Myke's a clever lad, I followed he, I tell 'im. I showed t' mon' (pointing to Sample), 'I see him in t' cave in a dwalm.' Dingrose patted him on the back, and gave him some money ; he ran away exclaiming, 'Myke's a clever lad, I'll gang away and watch him.'

The two friends were left alone, and Sample gave the account of Latimer's capture, with which the reader is already acquainted. Dingrose was highly pleased at the success thus far in defeating the attempt to disturb the smugglers. They then discussed the question as to what it was probable the soldiers would do without their leader, and after some conversation on this subject, Sample suggested that it would be a good plan if he were to go and privately see Pardox, get him to persuade the other sergeant to bring the soldiers over, and tell them their Captain was taken prisoner. That the soldiers would ad-

vance, and Pardox might call some of them back on some excuse, and the rest might easily be managed.

Dingrose replied to this suggestion, that he did not like cowardly sort of work, and he said, 'If they come we will fight them; if they leave us alone now we won't disturb they.' He added, 'We shall have them upon us very likely, for that sailor man, and t' cutter's men, and t' coastguard will be down upon us too; they may get to know that the soldier Captain's missing, and t' magistrates, too, at Massingberd will begin to make a stir.' He went on to say, 'I don't see what we are to do with this Captain now we have got him, unless we can make he promise to give up t' job if we will let him gang. He's a fine lad, a pleasant-spoken and koind. I wish t' Government would leave folk alone and honest trade. Put down smugglers! Why, we are all smugglers, ain't we; and where's the harm of it?'

'It ain't just right, I suppose,' said Sample. 'It makes the lads idle, and taks 'em away from the farms, and they gets idle when there's nowt to do, and then they gets into mischief. At least so it was when I was doon here afore, and Pardox and all.'

'There would be a lot of harm if I didn't keep a tight hand over t' lads,' said Dingrose. 'Some of 'em will poach, and so they would if they didn't smuggle, and perhaps more; and they get drunk

sometimes, and that they would do without smuggling, for folks gets drunk in other places where there ain't none.'

Sample then said he thought it would do no harm to go over to Merton and tell Pardox his Captain was taken. He promised that he would not try to persuade him to undertake any act of treachery, and he suggested that if he did not give Pardox some information he should get none in return, and to this Dingrose assented.

In the evening of the same day, after several messengers had come down from the cave and reported what had happened, another came who reported that the Captain was asleep, and seemed not any the worse for the blow.

Dingrose gave some orders, and was left alone, as on the day when the priest had come to his door; he was again sitting by the fire meditating, as he had done then. His mind began to wonder what object Father Philip could have in desiring to arrest Latimer. According to his habit when alone he began talking to himself, 'If t' priest were in with t' smugglers he could not do better; but he ain't in smuggling, and what gars he to want this done now? Does he know this young man, and does he want to keep him out of harm's way? I am bet altogether. I can't see no daylight intiv it.'

He relapsed into silence again, and thus meditating

had fallen asleep and had slept soundly for a little time, when opening his eyes he saw Father Philip regarding him with one of his blindest smiles.

‘You are weary after your day’s work,’ said the priest. The sleep of a labouring man is sweet, so it is written in the divine page, which means, I have no doubt, one who like you performs his honest labour, has a clear conscience.’

‘Perhaps it does,’ said Dingrose; ‘your reverence knows best.’

‘I am rather a late visitor,’ replied the priest, ‘and I came down to suggest, without interfering with what you may propose to do, if you should succeed in quietly arresting this young man we spoke of when I last saw you, that there might be some serious results if he were found in the cave. The magistrates at Massingberd might make some disturbance, and his own soldiers led by the gentleman who commands the cutter, might attempt a rescue. Now, inasmuch as he is armed by the authority of the Government of the country, this makes the matter one in which you must be very careful, or it might result seriously. With a good intention I suggested that you should keep him out of harm’s way for a time in every point of view, but I have since been considering that I could detain him at the castle for a sufficient time, and you would run no risk, and would not be found opposing lawfully constituted authority. Think this

over, my friend,' he continued, and seemed preparing to leave.

Dingrose answered, rather gruffly, 'Umph, maaster priest, I mean your reverence, he is took, and is in the cave now.'

'Indeed,' said Father Philip, 'and how was that managed? I hope there was no blood shed, nothing rash done.'

'Well,' said Dingrose, 'you can't take a man just as you would lead a little child. This young fellow is a soldier, and a brave one too, and a strong one. He gave one of our men a whanging, and he got t' same, and they carried him into the cave while in a dwalm. But he ain't really hurt.'

'Do you think there's any danger of the young men ill-treating him out of sport?'

Dingrose seemed uneasy at the suggestion and embarrassed. The priest followed up his remark by saying,—

'I could take a note from you to say you wished him to accompany me, and that I would be answerable. I don't think they would refuse.'

Dingrose again did not answer, until Father Philip said,—

'But do as you think best. I am advising you for your own sake, and I feel a degree of responsibility because you have already acted partly on my suggestion in the matter.'

Dingrose then answered,—

‘Well, I will do it;’ and he wrote the note and handed it to the priest, saying. ‘You mustn’t let him gang away for some weeks, and in the meantime I will send word to the smugglers that they had better be quiet. And so perhaps when they find there’s nothing going on, they’ll gang away, soldiers and sailor chap with his surveying vessel and all.’

Father Philip replied,—

‘I think you have decided wisely ; it was very fortunate that I happened to come down to-night.’

When Dingrose was left alone, he fell into his accustomed meditation and soliloquy. ‘That’s a deep chap is priest. Did he know now that Captain was taken, I wonder? Did he come a purpose or by chance? What does he want with the lad? What’s he going to do with he?’ He did not succeed in finding answers as it appeared for himself to any of these questions. But more perplexed than he had been even all day, he closed his house and went to bed.

The next day his comrades came down, as he had invited them to do, and he explained to them the danger there would have been in keeping Latimer prisoner, and the desirability there was that they should all keep quiet for a few weeks, until the matter had blown over, and the intended attack had been given up. The men had great confidence in their leader, and they acquiesced after talking the matter over, and an assurance from Dingrose that

there was no danger of Latimer's being released from the castle. Knowing that there were many hiding-places in the castle and separate parts of the building which could be made perfectly secure, they the more readily accepted the arrangement.





CHAPTER VIII.

WE must now return to Brooke, whom we left at Furcliffe. He was, as we have seen, two or three days behind the time when he should have met Latimer. He was unable to leave Furcliffe even on the next day, for on the night of his arrival a dead calm had set in, and there was not a breath of wind. This untoward circumstance increased his annoyance and vexation. At one time he thought of riding over to the neighbourhood of Massingberd, but this was useless, as he immediately decided unless he took some men with him, for although he would probably meet Latimer, he would have to return again for his vessel, and so important time would be lost. The day after there was a little breeze, but in an unfavourable direction. He immediately started to beat up against the wind. This of course occupied several hours, and when he had at last made Troutbeck the evening was fast approaching. He sent the vessel up into the Murth, as he saw signs of

bad weather. The remarkably fine and almost summer-like condition of the atmosphere betokened a serious storm.

His orders were that the vessel should come round in the morning should the weather be favourable ; but otherwise, was to remain up the Murth until the threatening storm had passed over. He himself went up to the house of his friends at Holly Bank. He was most warmly welcomed again by the whole party. Just as they were retiring to bed, Mr Maxwell said,—

‘By the way, Captain Brooke, I forgot to tell you that Mr Temple was here a few days ago. He was in a most excited state of mind : he wanted to see you, and said it was a most important matter, and that he wished to give you some private information. He said he would not tell me more, and begged me not to press him to be more explicit. I never saw him so much moved ; he is usually so calm and quiet in all his demeanour.’

‘I don’t know Mr Temple,’ said Brooke. ‘I remember we called, and you told me what an excellent man he was. What can he have to say to me?’ He then told Mr Maxwell, which he had not done before, what was the chief object which had brought his friend and himself to that coast.

Mr Maxwell took much the same view of the matter as Mr Pace had taken, and he added,—

‘That accounts for a letter I have had which calls

me over to Massingberd to-morrow morning to consult with the other magistrates, on something very important. You had better come with me, and I have no doubt we shall meet your friend.'

As Brooke's eye fell on Philip he saw him change colour and look uneasy. But he took but little notice, as although for the most part the boy was open and frank, he sometimes seemed moody and reserved, and awkward and wanting in self-possession in his manner.

The storm anticipated was a serious one. When Brooke heard it at night, he was thankful his little vessel was in safe moorings. In the morning broken branches all over the park showed the violence of the wind.

Brooke accompanied Mr Maxwell into Massingberd, and they found the magistrates assembled, and with them Lord Marshalsea, although not a magistrate, the owner of Medlicott Castle. Mr Maxwell introduced Brooke. Mr Pace immediately explained the object of the summons. 'You are some of you aware, gentlemen, that His Majesty's Government have decided upon taking a most serious step, and with this object they have sent down here a land force of soldiers and a vessel to co-operate with them. The young officer, Captain Latimer, as fine a young fellow as ever had a commission, was here for a few days, talking over with the magistrates who reside in this town his plans.

And we have been expecting to hear from him again, and are rather surprised we have not done so. Perhaps this gentleman who, I presume, is the naval commander of the expedition, can tell us where his friend is, and what he is doing.'

Brooke of course immediately explained the unfortunate delay from the non-delivery of his letter and from the calm. But said he had no doubt that Latimer had returned to Merton, on not meeting the vessel and was there waiting for a few days.

It was decided that Brooke should therefore go over to Merton, and on the next they should both meet the magistrates, who promised to assemble again.

On Brooke's arrival in Merton, he was told by every one to whom he addressed himself that the soldiers were gone away that very morning in the direction of Massingberd. He also found that the object of the movement of the troops had in some way become generally known. The busy voice of gossip was evidently fully occupied with the subject; and at length one of the speakers incidently remarked that the officer was not with the soldiers. On further questioning those around him, Brooke learned that Latimer had left Merton some days before.

Brooke began now to be seriously uneasy. He could not account for Latimer's conduct, which

seemed so unlike his usual caution. At last he found a clue. Some one remarked, 'I heard one of t' soldiers say as how t' smugglers had taken t' head man prisoner like.' On hearing this Brooke, who was on horseback, immediately galloped on the road to Massingberd. He then began to wonder how he could have missed meeting the soldiers. He heard nothing of them on the road, and nothing was known of their movements in Massingberd, but he found on his return that the rumour of an intended attack upon the smugglers had already reached there. He rode on at a furious rate towards Troutbeck, still wondering that he had not overtaken them. It was blowing hard, and a cold sleet was falling, so that at times he could see but little of the country around him. It now occurred to him that the soldiers might have started on a rash undertaking to rescue their leader, and this, he was sure, would be disastrous, as they were ignorant of the country, and would be easily defeated by the smugglers, who could attack them from hiding-places and choose their own time and place for doing so, so that the soldiers would be at every disadvantage. It was no small trial to Brooke to feel himself so utterly useless in the matter. He certainly knew the country well, and was on a good horse, and being a good and fearless rider, he had no fears on his own account. All he could do was to ride up to the highest point,

hoping that the mist might clear, and that he might obtain some glimpse of the soldiers. The weather, if anything of a change could be observed, appeared worse than before, and the fog or mist more dense. Although standing on high ground he was utterly unable to see above a quarter of a mile before him. At length, when after again and again by change of position from one hill to another, and by eagerly looking for every object that might prove to be a soldier, he had so entirely failed that he seriously began to contemplate returning to Massingberd, he thought he heard the dropping shots of musketry, a very little in advance. He listened, and heard still more shots and then a bugle sounding the retreat; and soon afterwards he saw running towards him about a dozen soldiers retreating in tolerable order; and presently, in about five minutes, he saw another company of soldiers of about the same number as the first set he had seen. Among these last there were evidently some wounded men, and one was being carried by his comrades. There was no pursuit or sign of any smugglers. The first detachment turned away from where Brooke was stationed. The wounded men were only slightly injured, with the exception of the lad who was carried by two or three of the men.

The senior corporal present explained to Brooke that they had heard that their Captain was taken

prisoner, and that the second sergeant had persuaded the senior sergeant to bring them to rescue him, saying he knew the country, and could bring them right down upon the place where he was sure the Captain would be detained. The senior sergeant, he further added, was very unwilling to do this, saying they ought to report to Everton for instructions. However, the senior sergeant had yielded to the urgency of the men and also a taunt from the second sergeant, that if he had been senior non-commissioned officer, the men would not want a leader to rescue their brave Captain. The soldiers further told Brooke that they had got into a narrow pass, and were fired at, when they could not see their assailants. That the bugle had suddenly sounded for retreat, and the senior sergeant, who was in advance, was wounded and fell ; and that as they advanced while the others retreated they were met by a volley from a force more than double their own, and were compelled to retreat, leaving the sergeant in the hands of the smugglers.

Brooke could do nothing more. The other detachment, led as he supposed by the second sergeant, had entirely disappeared ; so he accompanied this party into Massingberd. One of the soldiers, a bugler, quite a lad, was seriously wounded, and was carried the whole way on the shoulders of the unwounded men. The entry of the soldiers caused no small stir in Massingberd, and Brooke soon found

when he had been to Mr Pace about billeting the men, that the other detachment was already there, and had reported the occurrence.

Mr Pace began immediately to say, 'This is just what I expected. These smugglers are so in league together, and so mixed up with the small farmers and others, that they are told everything. They are always on the look out. That John Dingrose ought to have been a general; he is a very clever fellow, but I suppose now the thing has begun it must now go on. We must not be beaten.'

The wounded men were carefully attended, and the surgeon pronounced the bugler's to be the only case really serious.





CHAPTER IX.

THE rumour of the encounter with the smugglers had soon reached Holly Bank. Mr Maxwell was seriously distressed about it, and anxious for the safety of Brooke, and he told his daughter that while the district was so disturbed, she had better confine her walks quite within their own immediate grounds. He went on the following day into Massingberd, and in the meantime during his absence a visitor came to see his daughter. The reader has already been introduced to this friend of Gertrude Maxwell's when she called on Mr Temple. Mary Carfax, a niece of Lord Marshalsea, resided constantly at Medlicott Castle. She was a most devoted member of the same communion as Father Philip, and in her he found a most willing and obedient member of his church. The two girls were great friends, and although the difference of religion sometimes caused a slight restraint, they were always happy in each other's society, and had been mutually attached

almost by a sisterly bond of affection for years. The subject of their conversation on this day was, of course, the late stirring incident, of which Mary was ignorant. Gertrude knew the matter only imperfectly, as it had come by report from the village. Some of these rumours stated that Brooke had led the attack and was wounded, and at this Gertrude was much alarmed ; but others, and it would seem more correctly, reported that Brooke had had nothing to do with the matter, but had met the soldiers afterwards and returned with them to Massingberd. Such an event, even if it had not concerned any one with whom they were acquainted, in such a quiet district was calculated to interest the girls exceedingly, especially when Mary found that she had seen Captain Latimer at Mr Temple's. They both felt how serious a matter it was, and were sure that much bloodshed must be the consequence before the smugglers were defeated, the Captain of the soldiers released, and the smuggling put down.

‘What does your brother say about this?’ asked Mary, as the two girls, arm in arm, walked round the garden.

‘He does not know anything more about this fighting than other people ; but I cannot get him to talk about it,’ said Gertrude. ‘All he will say is that he wishes they would leave the smugglers alone, and that he is sure they are not doing any harm to any-

body, and would not hurt a child if they were not molested.'

They then continued to converse on the matter in all its bearings, so far as they could understand them. Gertrude blaming the smugglers, and both agreeing that it was a brave act on the part of the soldiers, although a rash one, to attempt to rescue their leader.

'Where can Captain Latimer be?' said Mary. 'There is no house in which he could be concealed; they must have sent him away, perhaps to some place on the moors. He looked very bold when he was telling us those stories about the battles. He stood up and began to describe as if he were the general fighting the enemy and saw all his troops before him. His eyes sparkled and looked so bright, and the colour deepened in his cheek and he looked such a noble man, and I said to myself no wonder England wins her battles when she has such men as this for her soldiers.'

'You look as if you were going to fight a battle yourself, Mary darling,' said her friend.

Mary laughed and blushed. At length, after many suggestions to each other as to what ought to be done, and what the magistrates would do, and after wondering whether any of the soldiers were much hurt, and whether any of the smugglers were killed, the two friends came back into the house very little comforted by their walk, and realising

the matter to be far more serious than they had even at first recognised it to be. They found Philip in the room, and began immediately to question him as to what he thought about the matter. As his sister had said, they found him reserved and unwilling to converse on the subject. They continued to press with questions, and at last he said,—

‘Well, girls, you must not ask me any more about it.’ This of course only served to increase their interest, and in reply to close questions he said, ‘Well I can tell you this: Captain Latimer is in no danger, and no harm will happen to him, if the soldiers go away, and they leave the smugglers alone.’

‘How do you know this, Phil? Who told you?’ said his sister.

‘Ah,’ said the boy; ‘why, no one told me.’ He was questioned still more minutely, but all to no purpose; but at last he said, ‘I wish I had not told you what I have, but you seemed so bothered about it. These captains ought to know that you cannot disturb a wasps’ nest without running the chance of being stung.’

He would say no more, and left them. They continued their consultation, and Mary asked her friend whether she thought Phil could be persuaded to ask the smugglers to let Captain Latimer go. Just as Mary was on the point of leaving, Philip looked into the room and said,—

‘Mind girls, you must not tell my father or Captain Brooke what I have told you,’ and then he disappeared.

Gertrude looked vexed, and said,—

‘Now that is what he is always doing, he gets into scrapes I am afraid sometimes with these smugglers, and then he comes and tells me partly about it, and says I must not tell my father. I cannot bear to be hiding anything from him, and once or twice when I have answered as Philip often does, he has looked at me as if surprised and sad. I wish Philip would not tell me anything or tell me all.’

While Mary was still in the house, Mr Maxwell returned and gave a perfect account of the skirmish with which the reader is acquainted. He said the soldiers were doing well, except the bugler boy, whose case was considered dangerous. He also reported that after rejoining his ship, Brooke would retire from the coast until the Government had been communicated with and fresh plans had been made. He also said that they had written to Everton for another officer to come down with more soldiers, if it were so decided by the Government on hearing the report of the unfortunate mishap and false attack. Mr Maxwell remained talking with them for a long time, and insisted upon sending a servant home with Mary, who, however, would not hear of it, and when she was gone he said,—

‘Mary is right, we might have made our neigh-

bours suspicious. No one will molest her. She is too well-known and too much loved by everybody.'

The last thing he said to his daughter when they parted again for the night was, 'I cannot imagine how it was that the soldiers knew that Captain Latimer had been taken prisoner. The smugglers would never tell themselves. What does Philip say about it?' Gertrude immediately felt all the awkwardness of the position in which she was placed by her brother's words; she tried as calmly as she could to say, 'He does not know much about it,' and cried herself to sleep with vexation at having in this way to deceive her father, for he replied, looking vexed and annoyed, as if he half read her thoughts and suspected her of being against him, 'I hope Philip has had nothing to do with this business.'

With a sad and anxious heart he also went to bed, for the future of his only son was to his mind a thought foreboding of evil, or at least much trouble of some sort.





CHAPTER X.

WE must now visit the sea-coast under the cliffs below Troutbeck, and accompany two men who are slowly walking up and down on the sands in a sheltered place by a winding path coming down by a little beck into the sea, about a hundred yards from the spot. The two men are engaged in earnest conversation, one of them is the lieutenant of the coastguard, and the other Mr Spenser, the recluse.

‘We have had many a quiet walk together, sir,’ said the older man, ‘and much conversation such as this. I am so thankful that I have at least one friend left to me on earth, with whom I can exchange ideas. In the days and years that I have wandered about here alone from my little cottage, I have never felt alone or lonely. My books were my solace and my friends. But since you have taught me to be interested in those wonderful sea-woods and zoophytes, I have found pleasure in regarding every living, and,

may I not add, every loving flower, as it expands its petals to the joyful sun.'

'Ah!' said the lieutenant, with enthusiasm, and I am charmed to have such a listener. But you are the wise man, you look deeper than I did, and you led me on to the wonderful thought, that there may be a spiritual nature behind every living and visible form, a spiritual form upon which the natural is moulded.'

'Yes,' said Mr Spenser, 'the invisible things of God are behind the visible, and knowing this, and feeling it to be truth, I looked at flowers and seaweeds with an ignorant but reverent eye; but now in all your details and descriptions of all these wonders around us here, I feel overpowered sometimes by the greatness of God, and the largeness of His goodness. Here are all these things to examine and admire and wonder at, and men give them no thought at all, and moreover esteem themselves wise, and men of superior intellect in their disregard. My life has been a painful one, at least in part of it, there came a blank and a mist over my eyes, and I cannot remember all, but I am comforted now. I can wait until God is pleased to call me to rest in that best of sleeps, and I can trust in God, believing I shall know by-and-by why I was so troubled, and why life, as men generally have it, was snatched from me. I have reasons for my choice of my simple dwelling, and I only hope you may not be removed to another part of the country, unless it is for your advantage.'

These simple-hearted men continued their walk after this for an hour or more, and we have no doubt their conversation was on the same subjects, which never failed them, and bound them together by a cordial bond of mutual esteem, although they knew nothing whatever of each other's past history, and never met by agreement or at each other's dwellings.

There are, fortunately, in this life many ties of various kinds besides the blessed ones of family and kindred, and if from any circumstances those ties are severed, or the memory of them is sad, we recur to the other ties, such as sympathy in a common pursuit, as was the case between these two lonely and secluded men.

The lieutenant had tasted and more than tasted the bitter cup of sorrow and disappointment. He was a lonely man, a bitter grief from unjust conduct on the part of some who ought to have been his best friends, and an early death of her he loved, wrought to death by human cruelty, had left him with the joy of his life departed, to find his pleasures in his duties of his profession and his love of natural history. No one ever drew near to Mr Spenser in his walks but this brave, good man, with his quiet and resigned patience. They parted always without formalities, and when they met they began at once on the part of any subject which was being discussed as they separated. Each took home his own thoughts made more by their mutual exchange

of ideas, and they met again prepared to bring a little light on what seemed difficult and dim. Thus their meetings became more and more interesting to both, and the hours passed quickly by, and often the sun had long gone down when the recluse and his companion went home to their silent dwellings. As they parted on this occasion there was a calm peace in both their hearts, the rolling of the waves in their power and might made them feel how great God was in mighty things, which all men could see, while they felt He was greater still in His wonderful works, in those things little seen, hardly to be seen, but still to be known and felt. The seagulls flew very near them, as if they had learnt what harmless men these were, and how they loved all God's works and living things. Not long after the last interview they met again, and after their usual discussions they for once began to speak of religion and distinctions of creed. The lieutenant began to say what a pity it was there were divisions, and parties and creeds, and this church and that church, and Roman Catholic and English Church and Evangelical, and Nonconformists and Dissenters from every form of dissent. The old man answered,—

‘Ah, sir, I can bear to look at all that now, as I know it goes on in the world. It is part of the confusion of tongues, and probably is a permitted evil for a greater good, or it may be another evidence

of the manifold works of Satan. But this is my comfort, there is a creed above all creeds, and a church above all the churches, and many who seem to be separated by their opinions are drawn together in these higher ways, as by-and-by they will know.'

'Do you, indeed, think so?' said his companion, an unprejudiced man, but with less grasp of mind. 'You are right, it will be so; it is so, and how much trouble comes into life, and what deeds are done, and what unkind words are uttered, because this is not known and understood; you have meditated to some purpose, sir, in your lonely dwelling, and the books of history you tell me you are so fond of reading have taught you much. You understand life and men, and can look with pity and compassion on them, as if you were removed from the whirlpool of life, as indeed you are.'

'I can perceive,' answered Mr Spenser, 'that you and I have been brought up differently in religious opinions, but that does not keep us in the least degree from an interchange of thought. We are above those littlenesses; sorrow and meditation have cured me of any combativeness I may ever have had for my opinions, and I rather guess you have been tutored in a somewhat similar school. If I went again into the world, and could find in men the belief in great truths, I should be content almost that they should worship in any form they

pleased, provided they sought divinely guided and accredited teachers.'

Thus these men found solace and interest in each other's company, as they had done from the commencement of their peculiar acquaintance. It happened by chance, for some time after the lieutenant had commanded the station they never met. They saw one another; and the men of the coastguard said no one ever spoke to the solitary gentleman who lived in the little cottage—that he was not altogether canny. This arose from the fact that he never addressed those he happened to pass; and a Liasshire man is made particularly uneasy if any one passes him without some salutation—especially when any two persons so meeting are perfectly acquainted by sight with each other as neighbours, from often meeting in walks or in villages.

This superstition, of course, the lieutenant did not share. It occurred to him, however, that the recluse seemed to avoid meeting him, and he wondered how he spent his time, and why he lived so solitary a life, and was never seen accompanied by any companion. He himself had one companion in his walks and rounds to meet his men on their beats in a large Newfoundland dog, an excellent swimmer. He had been taught to go in after sticks into the sea, and after a while, when he had one day picked up a child's cap, he would rush in after anything

he saw floating on the water, some times at great risks to his own life.

It was on one of these occasions, and through this noble dog, that these two became acquainted with each other. The day was stormy and the sea very rough, and a strong tide was running out, aided by the wind. The dog suddenly rushed into the sea and swam out far beyond his usual distance. His master called and whistled, but on such a day he could not be heard at twenty yards' distance. Further and further pressed on the powerful animal until not only his master but Mr Spenser, who was looking on, became alarmed for the sake of the swimmer. Under the natural impulse, Mr Spenser hastened to the edge of the water, and spoke at once, saying,—

‘What can I do to help you to save your fine companion. He thinks he sees a man floating on the waters. I watched the object for some time before he made his rush.’

Just then the dog bent down his head and turned, carrying his prize; but now came the greater difficulty. So long a swim in such a sea had tried the dog's strength to the utmost, and now the full tide and wind met him, he could make no way. He was carried back more rapidly than he advanced. He dropped his prize, but immediately turned and pursued it again. It was fortunately at length carried near a bend of the cliffs, and the dog ran on

shore. He barked furiously, and dashed in again so soon as he had a little recovered, seized his prize, and landed.

The two men had come round together to this part of the shore, and this common interest in the dog's life, and admiration for his courage and perseverance, was the introduction between them. The dog laid a man's tarpaulin cap at his master's feet, looking so wise and pleased. They spoke of the incident together, and praised the dog, as if they had started as companions in the walk; and the dog, with that wonderful reason his race possess, came up to be patted and caressed also by Mr Spenser, as though he acknowledged at once that his master's friend must be his also.

After this, when the dog was with his master, he would often look about for Mr Spenser, and rushing up to him, would bark round them with joy when he had brought them together. And so it was that these two, or rather three, friends, spent much time on the wild sea-shore together, and equally enjoyed the calmer days of summer, when the men would sit for hours on a rock conversing, and the dog slept at their feet.





CHAPTER XI.

WHEN Latimer, accompanied by the priest, left the cave, Father Philip, after they had walked a little way in silence, said, in a low voice,—

‘It will be prudent not to converse until we are within doors and in absolute privacy.’

He then walked quietly on in front, down the hill towards the beck, which he crossed by a single plank. He ascended the hill from the beck in an oblique direction, and entered a garden. In the dim light Latimer could just discern a large mansion-house. The priest then lifted a door almost concealed in the ground, and lighting a lamp which he carried, pointed to some winding steps. He entered, followed by Latimer, and requested him to draw the door after him. When they reached the bottom, Father Philip gave a knock three times on a door, which was immediately opened by some one from within, who did not appear. They entered a large kind of vault. Walking quite to the other

end of the vault, the priest unlocked a small door, and motioning to Latimer to advance, locked the door. A wider staircase than that by which they had descended into the vault led them to a door which opened into a large, comfortable, and well-furnished room. There was a bright, cheerful fire, and having lit some candles, the priest opened one of several doors, saying,—

‘Here are your quarters. You will find a necessary change and all you require for the night.’

Latimer entered, and to his surprise found some clothes which seemed to fit him exactly, and feeling greatly refreshed by his dressing, he returned to the sitting-room and found it empty.

In about half-an-hour a servant entered bringing tea and a substantial meal, and everything for two persons; he said,—

‘I am to tell you, sir, that the Reverend Father will join you almost immediately, but he begs you will not wait for him as he thinks you must be hungry.’

When Father Philip entered they talked on general subjects chiefly, besides on weariness and exhaustion and powers of endurance, which led Latimer, of course, to speak of marching in an army. The priest encouraged him to narrate much of his experience, and then he suddenly said,—

‘Well, now I think you will be glad to retire for the night. I will breakfast with you in the morning,

if you do not object to rather an early hour, and we can talk over your plans.'

Latimer warmly thanked him and soon was sleeping soundly. A soldier's life of adventure through much more serious dangers than those of the past day, made him able entirely to abstract his mind from the incidents of the day. He was therefore in perfect health and vigour when they met again in the morning.

Father Philip during their breakfast said,—

'I shall be happy to send any letters or message that you may have for Merton, Furcliffe, or Massingberd.'

Latimer replied,—

'I must return to my soldiers almost immediately. The sergeants will be uneasy and not know how to proceed.'

'Yes,' said his entertainer, 'of course you are anxious to do so, but you see that I have pledged my word that you shall remain with me for a little while, and I must not break faith with these men, and moreover you would not wish me to do so.'

Latimer felt vexed, but could not dispute the fairness of the statement. He was indebted to Father Philip for release from, to say the least, a very unpleasant position, and he could not refuse to acquiesce. He wrote letters to the sergeants, Mr Pace, and Brooke, and while he was doing so, Father Philip said,—

'I should be obliged if you would not mention

where you are. Say, if you please, that you are detained, and that you hope to appear in a week or so.'

'Indeed,' said Latimer, 'I cannot make that promise. I think your conscience might be at ease if I remained three days, and the consequences of my doing so much as that may be serious. I cannot promise more. But I will do as you ask in not mentioning where I am, which I think is reasonable, and will enable you to keep more perfectly your compact with the smugglers.'

'Thank you,' said the priest; 'I am obliged to you. I am very glad I have been of any service to you. How fortunate it was that I happened to discover that you had been taken by the smugglers! I told you, you may remember, how artfully they were in league, and how great was the influence of Dingrose. You will of course be able to mend matters next time. But in the meantime I think you may amuse yourself very well in this old castle. We are in the residence of the gentleman I mentioned, and I am the domestic priest. These apartments are mine, and there are several of them all quite detached from the rest of the house. When I wish to enter very privately I come in through that vault as we did. The smugglers have access to it by another entrance. I have not disturbed them, as it gives me a certain influence with them when I allow them to make use of it. You can walk out into the garden through this window at any time

you please. Here is an excellent library, and I will give you as much of my time as I can spare and as you are willing to accept, and, moreover, we can have some visitors in the evening if you are fond of music. I have now an engagement, and must see about sending your letters, and so I must leave you to amuse yourself for the greater part of the day.'

Latimer, although he could not but feel anxious about his soldiers, was now comparatively at rest in his mind. He therefore enjoyed the quiet day he spent exceedingly. He found that the garden was about half an acre of ground thickly planted with large shrubs. It was entirely enclosed by a deep moat on two sides, and the castle walls and buildings on the others. A door which appeared to lead to another garden was locked. Latimer discovered also that the garden in which he walked was on much higher ground than the other gardens which surrounded the castle, and higher than a large courtyard at the back, in which there was a large building in which he supposed were the stables. The priest dined with him, and the evening passed most pleasantly. Both seemed mutually pleased with each other, both conversed in their best manner, as is the case when men of ability and power thus meet.

Two or three days passed much in the same way, but Latimer was chiefly alone. The priest recom-

mended him to read several books. They were all of one character, and Latimer did read a good part of more than one. He on the morning of the sixth day said to the priest, 'I really must not delay any longer here.' Father Philip had induced him to prolong his stay on one plea or another, and each time had put the matter so fairly before him that he allowed himself to be persuaded. It was at last decided that he should leave in three days' time, and as Latimer considered that in agreeing to this he entirely released Father Philip's conscience from his promise to the smugglers, and also showed his own gratitude for the service done to him, he once more assented. He amused himself in reading, and then began to explore the rooms which opened into each other. He entered a large room which he had not seen, in which there were many pictures, chiefly portraits of, as he supposed, the ancestors of the house. One picture particularly attracted his attention. It was a portrait of a young man about his own age, and the most modern picture in the room. Again and again he found himself gazing upon it without being able to explain to himself why it interested him. He was thus employed when, on turning round to return to his own apartments, he found that a lady had entered unobserved by him, accompanied by an elder lady. In the younger one he immediately recognised the owner of the beautiful horse. She started with surprise on seeing him

there, and uttered his name to Latimer's surprise. As she bowed she said,—

‘Father Philip did not tell us we should find a visitor here. We came in search of a book.’

Latimer, of course, offered to assist in the search, and when the book was found it was naturally discussed. The elder lady was evidently a great reader—a woman of good sense and kind feeling. She was a foreigner, but spoke English fluently. Mary Carfax, whose name Latimer as yet did not know, introduced her as Madame Boismaison. The conversation became more and more interesting to all three as they advanced from one subject to another. At length Latimer took up a book and began to read a passage which he said he much admired, and when he would have ceased they begged him to read on, and thus a couple of hours soon passed.

When the ladies rose to leave, as they were passing the portrait which has been mentioned, Latimer was standing just beneath it, and Miss Carfax suddenly exclaimed,—

‘What a likeness!’

‘Whose portrait is this?’ said Latimer; ‘I have been looking at it before you came.’

Miss Carfax answered,—

‘I do not know. I have never been told. It is strange how we see likenesses sometimes,’ and with this remark the ladies withdrew.

Latimer, returning to his own room, took up his

book again that he had been reading, and amused himself for several hours.

And while he is doing so, we will enter another room in the castle, a small one in which Father Philip is sitting engaged in writing. A gentle tap at the door is followed by the entrance of Mary Carfax, who immediately sat down on a low chair, saying, 'If I don't disturb you, Father, I shall be glad to tell you something, and ask your advice.'

'Quite at liberty to listen to anything you may have to say, my child,' he replied, looking at her with sincere affection in his eyes. 'You are my greatest joy in this household. You always attend to my advice, and faithfully obey holy Church, as I, her poor representative, guide and direct you. What burden oppresses my daughter's spirits? Nothing very serious, I should imagine. Have you spoken harshly to kind madame, or what is it?'

Mary laughed, and said, 'Oh, no; we are the best friends. I like her better every day, and she makes me take such interest in my reading. The matter I want to speak about is quite different, and it is this,—may I write to Holly Bank and say that Captain Latimer is staying here?'

'And who told you anything about Captain Latimer, and how do you know his name?'

'I met him at Mr Temple's, but I did not then know who he was. I afterwards went to Holly Bank, and I heard that on the same day as that

on which I had seen him, I suppose, he was taken prisoner by the smugglers. Afterwards there had been an attempt made by his soldiers to rescue him, and Gertrude told me all about it, and about Captain Brooke, who has been staying at Holly Bank; and she told me also about her brother, on whose account she is very anxious, because she fears he often associates with the smugglers, and seems to know too much about them. We were all very anxious about Captain Latimer's safety, and this morning, when I went with madame into the library, can you imagine my astonishment when I found Captain Latimer there. I was so surprised and bewildered that I actually forgot to congratulate him on his escape and safety. And then we began talking about books, and when I remembered my stupidity and apparent want of sympathy, I wanted to go back again, but madame said it would be awkward, and that I had better tell you. May I, therefore, write to-day to Holly Bank, or ride over and tell them?'

'I was not aware,' said Father Philip, 'that you had met this Captain Latimer, who, as you have discovered, is my guest at present. There are special reasons why his residence should not be known. I was fortunately the means of releasing him from the hands of the smugglers, but it was under a solemn promise that I should detain him for a while until the matter had blown over. Of course this

implies secrecy, and therefore you must on no account mention that he is here. For I should have to break my promise instantly, and you must also be on your guard when you call on Mr Temple.'

'Dear me,' said Mary, 'what shall I do? I shall find it so hard to pretend to know nothing about it. I shall not dare to show my face anywhere.'

'Leave it all to me, my child. Just do as I tell you, but you may be of great service in the matter. I have reason to hope that this young man might easily be led to seek reconciliation in the bosom of the true Church, and this is my real object for interfering in the matter, although, of course, I am influenced by natural feelings towards so interesting a man.'

'Would you have me enter into a theological discussion with Captain Latimer?' said Mary, smiling. 'I am afraid I should be a poor advocate of the cause.'

'Oh, by no means; do not attempt anything of the sort. There are quiet ways, hints, and little remarks which a woman can make which sometimes strike a man's mind more than men's argument. If you will come in to-night with madame, we will have some tea and music, perhaps; bring your guitar, I dare say this young man sings, and then I can lead the conversation towards the matters in which I desire especially to interest him, and you can quietly second my efforts without seeming to do so.'

'I will do anything that I may honourably in

such a cause, and with such an object, as you well know, Father.'

'Thank you, my child,' he said, 'we understand each other.'

Mary was leaving the room, when she suddenly said,—

'Do tell me whose picture that is which is so like Captain Latimer?'

'Oh,' said the priest, 'he was a member of the family, to whom there attaches a melancholy history. I think at present you had better not know. It is connected with matters I could not fully explain.'

'Oh, never mind,' said Mary. 'If I must not know, of course I will not try to find out. You know I dislike mysteries too, so it is as well not to tell me, but it is very strange there should be so much resemblance in the countenance of a perfect stranger.'

'I have observed likenesses in persons in no way connected by ties of blood,' said Father Philip, and he moved his papers, and looked down at them, as if he desired to be alone, which Mary well understood, and left the room, promising to come in in the evening with madame, as had been suggested.





CHAPTER XII.



IN the evening of the same day, after dinner, Father Philip said,—
‘We shall be enlivened, I hope, to-night by the society of the ladies you saw in the library. I have asked them to be kind enough to bestow some time on us to vary our more serious discussions. The young lady you saw, Miss Carfax, is a niece of this house, and has resided here for some time under my spiritual direction. You will see in her an instance of the admirable influence of the system of our Church. The other lady is French, as you no doubt perceived, and is a woman of sterling character and undoubted piety.’

The ladies came in accordingly, and Mary at once offered her apologies to Latimer for her forgetfulness when she saw him in perfect safety, and yet did not express her sympathy. He received her apologies with surprise, wondering in what way she had become acquainted with his capture. She explained how she obtained her information, and told him of

her visit to the Maxwells ; and from her he thus heard for the first time of the unfortunate attempt of the soldiers to rescue him, their repulse and defeat. He was greatly disturbed at the news, and appealed to Father Philip to tell him any further particulars, who replied,—

‘I did hear a rumour of something of the kind, but I was not able to test the correctness of the report, and so scrupled to tell you of it.’

Latimer, turning again to Miss Carfax, begged her to tell him any more she knew of the disaster. When he heard of the capture of the senior sergeant, he seemed much annoyed, exclaiming, ‘My best man, the very man on whom I have been relying during my detention here. The second sergeant, although very steady, is by no means a man on whom I can in the same way rely ; how very unfortunate!’ He then asked if any of the men were seriously wounded, and when the bugler was named, said, ‘It must have been little Charlie Upchase, but I cannot understand his sounding the retreat without orders, or being likely to show cowardice. Who could have given the order ? Padox, the other sergeant, would not do it, and how,’ said he, still talking out loud his thoughts, ‘how could the men have learnt that I was taken ? Who would know it to tell them ?’

Mary was quite grieved at Latimer’s distress, and Father Philip looked annoyed with her because she had entered upon the subject. When he heard her

begin, he tried two or three times to turn the conversation. But the moment Latimer found she could tell him something about his soldiers he was eager to know all. And Mary, who did not observe the priest's hints, told him simply and fully all she knew. The one thing that seemed to relieve his mind, was that Brooke had not made any mistakes, and had not led the unfortunate ill-planned expedition. It was also a satisfaction to him to feel and know that as the magistrates were to communicate with the Government, another officer would be at once sent to Merton from Everton, so that on the whole, before the evening was half over, he was really more at ease in his thoughts about his soldiers than when he knew nothing. He soon recovered his natural spirits, and the evening passed off most pleasantly; but naturally Latimer and Mary were thrown into conversation together, because Father Philip engaged Madame Boismaison in a very animated conversation about France, the prospects of Napoleon, and the position of France and the Continent generally. From more general subjects, Mary began to tell her new friend about her own daily life, and Latimer inquired after the noble horse. She replied, 'Oh, Wellesley is always well. I call him by that name after your great leader, and he is worthy of him.'

The conversation about the state of France appeared so interesting to the two engaged in it, that

Latimer proposed that they should have some music ; and so in various ways the evening passed, until madame pronounced that it was exceedingly late. She had found that Father Philip agreed with all her views ; she was a lover of the old Regime, and a hater of the Revolution. She admired Napoleon for his greatness, but did not really like him.

When the ladies had retired, Latimer said that they had spent a most delightful evening.

The priest answered, 'If you will consent to prolong your stay, you can see the ladies again ; and now that you know all about your soldiers, there is not really the same reason for hurrying away.'

'But I have had no replies to my letters,' said Latimer.

'Well,' said the priest, 'I know that is a difficulty. However, I hope you do not regret your half-compulsory sojourn here. I must introduce you to my lord too, he has learnt now that you are here. Indeed, he very much approves of the step I ventured to take in bringing you here. I am at full liberty to invite my friends ; a privilege, however, of which I have scarcely ever availed myself before. But you interested me on the day we crossed the moor together, and you have drawn me out of my usual routine of life.'

Latimer could not but express his thanks for the

kindness and compliment. It was gratifying to be treated with such marked favour by so superior a man.

While Mary was exceedingly glad that Latimer was at liberty, she was distressed in her mind because she could not write to her friend Gertrude on the subject. She took a ride on the following day, carefully avoiding Holly Bank. Almost without purpose she took the way to the sands, and galloped on them until she came before Sandpit village. Her horse drew up, as he was accustomed to do, and was turning round to enter the village. It then occurred to her that there could be no danger of being questioned on the subject of Latimer's present residence by Mr Temple; so she rode to the vicarage as usual. On seeing Mr Temple she was much struck by his appearance; he looked care-worn and ill, and seemed out of spirits. He answered her inquiries with his usual kindness of manner, but said he had not been well, and besides had been very anxious about a serious matter. A friend, he said, was in great danger in whom he was exceedingly interested. Mary asked him if he were a relative, and he said, 'Oh, no!' and then added, 'The fact is, I cannot tell you the whole matter, but I may tell you part. Now I remember you have seen the person I mean, he was calling here when you last came to see me; Captain Latimer, who I have since learnt is sent down with Captain Brooke to suppress the smug-

gling, wrote to me on that same day in a pencilled note, conveyed here by a half-foolish lad you may have seen about Troutbeck, telling me that he had been seized and taken prisoner by the smugglers, and asking me to inform Captain Brooke if the vessel returned to the coast.

Poor Mary blushed deeply when she felt immediately all the difficulty of her position, and she could only stammer out, 'I heard he was taken prisoner at the Maxwells'.

Mr Temple did not observe her confusion, his mind was so occupied by his own thoughts on the subject, and he added, 'I have been to Holly Bank and have tried to see Captain Brooke without success, and the magistrates cannot tell me more, at least that was so at first ; but since that Captain Latimer has written to Mr Pace, the letter arrived by the post, but most strangely he gave no clue as to where he now is, only saying he was detained. It is most mysterious, and distressing.'

Mary wondered exceedingly why Mr Temple should be so much moved and so anxious about an almost total stranger, but did not dare to ask him any questions. She took leave of her friend as soon as she could without appearing to be guilty of rudeness, and Mr Temple apologised for being so reserved, while he attributed her constrained and unusual manner entirely to his reticence. He said,—

'I am very sorry, my dear, not to be more open

with you, but I cannot tell you why I am so interested in this young man, and it will still more surprise you when I tell you I actually did not know what name to give when I introduced him to you. I shall be miserable until I know he is safe, and some of the smugglers of Troutbeck are so lawless that I sometimes entertain worse fears than perhaps I should.'

Mary rode home very unhappy indeed at being unable to say a simple word of comfort, when she might have comforted the good man perfectly, had it not been for her promise to Father Philip. She could only say she was very sorry, and indeed she cried at parting with him from her mixed feelings, which comforted the good man quite as much as if she had been wholly sympathising with him. Mary could not add another word ; every sentence she half formed in her mind seemed a falsehood or a deceit, and so after all, she escaped without hurting her conscience by anything she had said in her vain attempts to give sympathy under such trying circumstances.

She little enjoyed her ride, and came home again very slowly, much wondering in her mind why Mr Temple should be so interested in Latimer, a perfect stranger to him by his own confession on the day they all had met. She accepted an invitation to join the gentlemen again at tea that evening, as madame was anxious to discuss the matters of her country again with Father Philip. Her manner towards

Latimer partook of her thoughts in reference to Mr Temple, and she did not venture to name him, indeed she considered that she was bound in a manner to secrecy by Mr Temple, not to tell as much as he had revealed of his anxiety for Latimer's safety. She tried to talk with her usual manner, but in vain.

Latimer felt there was a difference, and he joined in the conversation with Father Philip and madame, and showed that he took large views in the subject, but of course he did not entirely agree with them. Mary took out some work and listened, but her thoughts were with her friend at Sandpit, of whom she was very fond. His guileless nature had drawn out her full affections, and she loved him as her father. Her feelings towards Father Philip, whom she greatly revered, were of another character. She had perfect confidence in him, and obeyed him implicitly as her spiritual guide, but she did not give him her whole heart as she did to Mr Temple. Her love for Father Philip was the approval of the mind and intellect towards one who seemed to realise her standard of what was right according to the creed in which she had been educated.

Mary was weary this evening, and tried in vain to do her part to keep up the interest of the conversation, but she always lapsed into a longer silence after each attempt, as the awkwardness of her position forced itself more and more upon her mind. She was glad when she could retire with madame and

seek the solitude of her thoughts. Utterly free from all blame in the matter, she began to question herself as to whether she had not said or done something to induce the position in which she now stood towards Gertrude and Mr Temple, Latimer and Father Philip. She tried to consider whether she ought to have refused to keep the promise the latter required of her. Then she blamed herself for going to Mr Temple so thoughtlessly as she now esteemed it. Her mind had been trained to such self-accusings, and they often rendered her unhappy when imaginary faults were thus discovered. However, before she went to sleep the cloud passed away, and her conscience was at ease again.





CHAPTER XIII.

THE next morning, a little before noon, Mary was walking in one of the gardens near a lodge gate, when a man in the dress of a sailor called to her through the gate, holding in his hand a letter, while he said,—

‘If you please, miss, there is a letter for the soldier captain as is stopping at the castle. I see him t’ other day when I was in t’ gardens with t’ gardener; and I told our governor, and he told t’ other captain, and ’tis he as has wrote this here letter, and I am to take an answer back if I can. Will you be kind enough, miss, now to take it in, while I waits here till ye come back with the answer. Them’s my instructions, if I could see any one to give it to.’

Mary thanked him and took the note. She had no sooner reached the house than she began to consider whether she ought to deliver the note without first consulting Father Philip. She went therefore to his room, but found he was out, and a servant

said that he was gone 'out for the whole day, and perhaps would not return until the day after. Mary then determined to take the note herself, hoping she might find Captain Latimer in the first room, which was the library. It so happened that he was there—whether brought there by one of those inward impulses which lead us to meet the person who is coming to meet us, we cannot say, but so it was, and it relieved Mary much, as this was a general room, and not one of the priest's rooms.

'A man,' she said at once, 'has brought a letter for you, and is waiting at the lodge for an answer.'

Latimer opened the letter, and read,—

'DEAR LATIMER,—What are you doing in that old castle? Lieutenant Jones does not know what to do, and I am waiting outside ready to act with you. We heard you were taken prisoner, and your foolish fellows got into trouble in trying to rescue you; you sly old fellow, you have been in that castle all the while, I suppose, but now really we should get to business, and do our duty.'

This letter vexed and annoyed Latimer not a little; a strictly conscientious man as he was, he felt keenly the sting of being so regarded. He knew that the news would speedily fly round the country that he was at the castle, and therefore, although it was not until the next day that he was to leave according to the arrangement made, yet it was now evident that he was released from his engagement and could go.

He wrote a hasty note, saying he would come immediately and explain all, if Brooke would meet him at Massingberd. Mary came back as soon as she could, saying, 'You must not go on foot; the smugglers may be watching. I will lend you my horse, and have him saddled immediately, and she went away to do so. In a short time she returned, bringing him spurs and a heavy hunting-whip, and led him into the courtyard. He immediately said,—

'I did not come in this way, I came through a kind of vault, and up some tower stairs.

Mary looked surprised, and said,—'I don't know of any other way. The reverend father is sometimes fond of mysteries, or he may have brought you that way, that you might not be seen by any one except his servants.'

When Latimer mounted, the horse gave a bound, and Mary was pleased to see how well he managed him. It then occurred to her that it would be better to show him a way out of the park the farthest from Troutbeck, lest there should be any watchers. She walked by his side therefore until she could point out the way. He bowed and thanked her, and cantered off, having agreed to leave the horse in the stables of the squire at Massingberd,—Mary saying she would send a groom over in the afternoon. She returned to the castle with a light and happy heart, suddenly relieved altogether from the burden which seemed so overpowering. She could now write to Mr Temple

and to Gertrude and explain all, and this being so she presently found herself chiefly meditating on the prospects of Latimer's safe arrival at Massingberd, and the risks he ran as a soldier, and especially in his present enterprise. In truth Latimer's dangers were not over. As Mary had suggested, the castle had been diligently watched. There were spies and reporters among the servants, especially those whose work was out of doors. A proof of this Latimer presently received. The man at the lodge gates stared hard at him and the horse, but Latimer had no sooner passed, than on turning round, he saw this man wave a small flag so that it could be seen up and down the road. This action immediately put Latimer on his guard. He gathered his horse well in hand and looked round. About three hundred yards in the direction of Massingberd, there were three horsemen on the road, and they immediately rode towards him. On looking back he saw another advancing from the other side. Suspecting the intentions of these horsemen to be anything but harmless, he immediately went into a field opposite, through an open gate, and galloped briskly up some rising ground through a rookery. The three horsemen immediately leapt their horses over the fence from the road, and the other horseman did the same. It now became a race and a trial of metal of the horses and riders. When he had reached the high ground, he pushed on as rapidly as he could, while at the same time he

saved his horse as much as possible. Latimer felt at a great disadvantage from being ignorant of the country, while these men knew no doubt every gate and gap and ditch. He found that his horse being fat and sleek was not in such good condition as he should have been to come out successfully in such a race. The single horseman was now almost abreast of him two fields off and on somewhat higher ground ; he was evidently riding to act with the others when they should gain on Latimer. On they went for another mile over everything that came in the way. Wellesley now seemed to be going still more strongly, as if he had gained his wind. He let him therefore have his head for a field or two, and found to his satisfaction that his pursuers were losing ground. They pursued him still, and Latimer began to consider what had better be further done to baffle them. The single horseman appeared to be the leader, and made some signs to the others. Latimer soon saw they understood him, for they suddenly turned rather to the right as if riding away from him. It immediately occurred to him that they were hastening on to reach some pathway, which would lead down in the direction of Massingberd which they knew he must take. The three men were soon out of sight, and he could see the heads of trees just in front. It became necessary now to take decided action to rid himself of one at least of his pursuers, and so

slackening speed, he allowed the single horseman to come very near him, then suddenly turning his horse, he rode right across the man's path behind him, and struck him heavily with the hunting-whip, the horse he rode swerved, and Latimer, hooking the man's collar with his whip, pulled him clean out of the saddle. The horse being released immediately bolted. The man fell heavily to the ground, but rose again immediately shaking his fist and uttering language Latimer did not pull up to hear. He intended to ride to Massingberd in spite of these men. He therefore turned his horse exactly in the other direction, and crossed the path of the other horsemen. They saw him and came back again, and he perceived that his surmise that they had planted themselves in the path they thought he must take was correct. He now thought the way was open for him, and he rode rapidly down the hill through a plantation of trees thickly planted, and then over some rough grassland. His pursuers came down another way, and were again on his track and immediately behind him. They did not gain on him, but he could not increase the distance that separated them. He could see Massingberd in the distance, and just before him was a much higher fence than he had as yet taken. He was sure from what he had seen of the others, that Wellesley was the best leaper, so he put him at the very highest part of the fence. It was an immense jump, such as few riders would have attempted, and as few horses

could have accomplished. The noble beast cleared it beautifully, and although there was a deep fall on the other side kept well upon his legs. While he gathered his horse up again as they both recovered from the leap, Latimer, on looking round, had the satisfaction of seeing one of the riders with his horse roll completely over in attempting to follow. The horse and the rider both appeared to be injured by the serious fall, as they did not either of them rise. Latimer rode quickly away, and soon reaching the road, saw nothing of his pursuers. He trotted the grand horse he rode gently on until he reached Massingberd.





CHAPTER XIV.

IN a room in a small house of the town of Merton, a young lad was lying upon a bed. Some kind hand was there from time to time as could easily be seen, and a loving heart came in when the foot entered the sick chamber. Order was there and peace and plain comfort ; the bedclothes were clean, the little piece of carpet near the bed lay square, and although old and worn, was whole and tidy. A little table stood within the reach of the sick lad's arm, on which stood the usual adjuncts of a sick-room.

On a peg against the door hung a soldier's regimentals. The sick lad was the wounded bugler, and he was, as his Captain surmised, Charles Upchase. He was evidently still in some danger, but showed signs of returning health and strength. The kind, motherly woman had just been up to him, to see if he wanted anything that she could bring, and he thanked her as he had often done before, and had told her for the twentieth time that she was as kind

as his own mother, and that God would bless her for her kindness to the poor band-boy, who was so far away from home. She replied, as was her wont,—

‘Never you mind, honey. If I had a lad of mine far away from me, I should like God to send some one to do just what I try to do for you, and be his mother.’

When she left another foot came up the stairs, and Sergeant Pardox entered, at whose very presence the boy seemed to shudder, as he drew the bed-clothes around him.

The sergeant sat down, and in a not unkind manner asked, ‘If he had all he wanted and was feeling better?’ He then said, ‘A most unfortunate business this, my lad. How came you to blow the bugle without orders? I am afraid when the Captain comes he will be for having a court-martial to try you. Military discipline must be maintained, or where would the British army be?’

‘I didn’t blow the bugle, sergeant, and you know I didn’t.’

‘Oh, my lad, so young and so untruthful. This is very bad—this is indeed sad.’

The boy sat up in the bed, and said solemnly, while his eyes filled with tears,—

‘I wouldn’t tell a lie to save my life. I know very little what happened after the bugle sounded, but I do know what happened before.’

‘Hush, hush, my lad!’ replied the sergeant.

must not excite yourself; it is bad for you. I brought a nice cooling drink, which will be a comfort if you can drink it all down at once without tasting it.'

He proceeded to mix some powders in water, and stirred them together.

The boy took the glass, and looked full in the face, whose eyes fell before the boy's glance. As the lad saw this, he said,—

'I thank you; I would rather not drink it myself.'

The sergeant rather roughly replied,—

'Young man, if you do not care to receive blows from me, well and good! You stand in terrible jeopardy, I can tell you; and a word like would go a long way either way.' And this, he threw the contents of the glass in, and abruptly left the room.

The boy, when he had gone, heaved a deep sigh, of relief and partly from fatigue. He joined his hands and looked upwards for a few minutes, still back quite exhausted, but looking calm and

A good soul below, who had taken a dislike to the sergeant, came up, and asked him what the sergeant had been saying. She immediately exclaimed,—'Oh, my boy'—in the north, on a short trip, Christian names are soon adopted—'you see that the sergeant—bad man that he is, I

am sure, with all his soft sneaking ways—blew the bugle himself.'

'And so he did—he snatched it out of my hand,' said the simple lad.

The woman kissed his forehead tenderly, while she wiped the perspiration from his brow and face, and answered,—

'I believe you altogether. That bad man is making mischief, and means to hide up his bad doings and accuse you. Never you mind ; stick to the truth ; they sha'n't hurt you while you are under my roof. But what is in this glass ?' she said, taking it up. 'There is something at the bottom.'

'He wanted me to drink it, and he threw it away in the fire when I wouldn't,' answered the lad.

The woman turned pale, and then her face flushed with anger. She poured some water in and sipped the mixture, saying,—

'If it does me any harm I shall know what his kindness is.'

The boy said,—

'I am so sorry you have taken it. Do you know I think it is poison. He would not look me in the face when he offered it to me, and that was why I refused.'

The woman made light of it, and said,—

'Oh no, we must not think that ; it was not very nasty, and I only just sipped it. I will not throw the rest away though ; some one else shall see it and taste it too if they will.'

The boy said,—

I wish you would try and prevent him from coming to me. If he will come, you come too, please.'

The woman readily promised and left him again, and he fell into a pleasant slumber. When he awoke his kind friend was sitting by his side, but looking ill, and she said,—

'I have been very sick, but I am better now. Indeed I took something to make me ill, because I sipped that stuff. I am sure there was something wrong. I have had such pains and uncomfortable feelings.'

The boy was greatly distressed and alarmed, and said,—

'I wish Captain Latimer would come, or the senior sergeant; we could tell them all, and they would believe us directly.'

'Your Captain is a prisoner in the hands of the smugglers and so is your sergeant, so there is little chance of their coming. Shall I go and tell this new officer?'

'No,' said the lad, 'you had better not; he won't believe a story against the sergeant. We must wait, and trust in God; He will take care of us. If I am to die from this wound, I should not be afraid to die, except for my mother's sake. But I should not like to die by poison, nor until my Captain knows the whole truth; he is always just and kind.'

On the next day the excitement from his interview with the sergeant threw the boy into a fever, and for many days he was dangerously ill. The woman nursed him as if he had been her own son, and her care and attention gradually brought him round to a state of convalescence; but the fever left him terribly weak. He had been delirious and talking to his kind nurse as his mother. He was a little child, and recalled scenes which she could not see. She nodded and he was satisfied. And then presently he would appear to be not satisfied that she had understood him, as he uttered his disjointed words.

She was bathing his face and soothing him one day when the delirium was quite gone, when a foot was heard on the stairs, and fearing it might be the sergeant, the boy trembled and looked anxiously at the door. The woman rose and hastily shut the door. But another voice said, 'May I come in?—I am Captain Latimer,' and to the boy's great joy the officer entered. The kind soul with ready tact at once said, 'Please, sir, I should like to speak to you downstairs. This poor boy has something to tell you, and he is too weak to tell you himself.' She told, therefore, the whole matter as she knew it, both about the blowing of the bugle and the powder mixture, and she said,—

'I know it was poison for it made me ill, and the chemist told me he had sold some arsenic to the sergeant. I asked him where I could get some like

it, as if there was no secret about it, and he said he supposed I wanted to destroy vermin. I said it was good for vermin and for nought else.'

She then also said that she had kept the glass, and there was still a little in it. Latimer told her to keep the circumstance secret, and when called upon to speak the whole truth.

He felt pretty certain that having this clue to the sergeant's conduct he would be able very soon to convict him from his own mouth, and he saw at once how, through the man Sample, whose name he remembered on the Lingwood list, the information had come to the smugglers, and that Pardox had told Sample when he was at Lingwood the object of the expedition. He remembered also the mention of Sample's name in connection with his own capture. He saw also how the soldiers knew of his capture by the smugglers, and he easily surmised how the advance had been made at the suggestion of Pardox, on his assurance that he knew the country, and that his conduct in the skirmish was part of his scheme to defeat the whole object, and benefit his friends the smugglers. Latimer went upstairs and spoke kindly to the boy, when he had thus for a few minutes reflected on the information, and he told the grateful lad that he entirely believed him, and that he need not be afraid of any consequences, but must speak the whole truth when he was asked. The boy cried for joy when Latimer left the room, and said to his

nurse, 'I shall soon get well now.' Latimer went quietly round to all the quarters of the men, and found them all in excellent order as he expected. Pardox had met him before this, and had reported the whole matter according to his version, dwelling much but mysteriously upon his suspicions about the bugler.

Lieutenant Jones was an excellent officer for routine, and had drilled the men regularly on parade every day since his arrival. When Latimer had arrived at Massingberd he did not meet Brooke, but leaving word with his kind host that he was gone to Merton, he went there the next day.

After his interview with the woman and the wounded boy, he had a long conference with Mr Jones as to what would be the best way to proceed. He found, as he expected, that this officer was inclined to believe the sergeant until he was told the woman's statement about the poison. It was decided between them that no immediate notice should be taken of the matter for a few days, that the men might not be disturbed, but that other sergeants should be sent for, and then that Pardox should be put under arrest and brought to trial before them and all the non-commissioned officers. All went on as usual with such a section of men in country quarters, and Pardox was entirely in ignorance that he was suspected. An incident occurred during the week which further confirmed the strong evidence of his guilt. Two of the men

came into the little town very drunk and noisy, shouting out that it was unjust to disturb the smugglers, and singing part of a song to the same purpose, snatches of which Latimer had heard when he was in the hands of Dingrose's men. On inquiry he had little difficulty in discovering that they had been drinking in a village between Merton and Massingberd with a countryman, whom they described as a short man with light hair. Latimer knew well enough that this must be Sample. He thought that most likely he would come on to Merton to attempt to demoralise the soldiers further. He therefore went the next day round to the public-houses himself to look up his men, and as he expected, found Master Sample in one of them. He had so much against the man that he did not scruple to arrest him, but he could obtain no information from him. He replied to questions,—

‘Well, Captain, I will not tell nowt. I see you know summat, and have guessed a bit more. I won’t tell against my friends, whatever other folk may do.’

Having cautioned him that if he attempted again to tamper with his soldiers in the same way, he should not escape so easily the next time, Latimer released him, and did not even insist upon his leaving the town, as he was sure he would go to Pardox before he left, and in some way by his conduct or by his advice the sergeant would be likely to betray his own treachery.



CHAPTER XV.

THE sergeants having arrived a day or two after, Pardox was not a little surprised to find himself immediately arrested and placed under a strong guard. It may seem strange that so deep and designing a man should have left behind him such an easy clue to follow in purchasing the arsenic in Merton, but like such hypocrites he was completely deceived by himself. He was looking at his outward conduct as a soldier, and being in perfect ignorance that his connection with the smugglers was detected. He had no fears for himself in purchasing the poison. Besides which he had a natural explanation for that. The house he lived in was troubled with rats, and he had suggested to the owner that it would be desirable to lay some poison for these vermin, and offered to procure it, which offer was accepted. When, therefore, he was brought out for the examination before the officers, although pale, he was perfectly calm and collected, and to a casual observer would have been

considered a perfectly innocent man. Brooke was also with the officers ; he and Latimer had met several times in the last few days, and had, of course, explained to each other their own circumstances since they had parted, and from Brooke, Latimer had heard that Padox had urged the advance to be made in the disastrous attempt to release their officer, which he had already suspected. The net was, therefore, gradually enclosing the guilty man who stood before them, deprived of his side-arms, but bearing in his face the appearance and the consciousness of injured innocence. Latimer began the inquiry by abruptly asking him whether he was acquainted with a man named Sample. His firmness of manner forsook him instantly, but he recovered himself, and said he used to know a person of that name many years ago.

The next question was, 'When did you see him last ?'

Which he repeated, 'When did I see him last ?'

'Yes,' said Latimer ; 'I want a plain answer.'

'I used to see him once—a good deal—years gone by, but when I joined the army, you see, sir, I left the country.'

Latimer simply said,—

'You have not answered my question.'

'I saw him just before I enlisted.'

Latimer only replied,—

'You had better answer fully. When did you see him last ?'

'Well,' said the unfortunate man, 'I saw him a few days ago.'

'Where did you first see him when we came into Hillsland?'

'I never saw him in Hillsland until a few days ago, since we came here.'

'Ah!' said Latimer, 'I understand you. Did you see him at Lingwood when the troops were quartered there?'

'I can't say, but I might have done so. Yes, I believe I did.'

'Were you not billeted to his cottage? Corporal, produce the list of the names of the villagers of Lingwood.'

The corporal gave the book, and Latimer read out among other names 'Sergeant Padox to the house of Simon Sample.'

The sergeant fidgeted with his chin and became very uneasy, and at last he said,—

'I did not want to bring an old comrade into trouble.'

'Oh, he was an old comrade, was he?' said Latimer. 'And did you tell your old comrade the object of the advance of the soldiers into this district?'

The sergeant immediately replied,—

'No, I did not tell him.'

Latimer was surprised at this answer, which was given with apparent candour, and having uttered it, the sergeant looked round with greater confidence, and

recovered a good deal of his natural calmness of manner.

‘Had you any reason to think he suspected the purpose of the Government?’

‘Well, sir,’ after some hesitation, ‘he did partly guess it.’

‘After he guessed it, as you say, had you any conversation with him on the subject?’

‘Well, sir, I believe we did.’

‘Then you let him know his suspicion or guess was right?’

‘Well, sir,’ replied the sergeant, ‘I could not tell a lie.’

‘You told me a lie just now, when you said you did not tell him the object of the Government in giving me this command.’

‘I did not tell him,’ replied the hypocrite.

‘Perhaps not in so many words, but if he guessed the truth and you assented, was not that telling him? Did you promise to give him any information about the movement of the troops?’

‘Well, I did say, perhaps, I might see him, if we came up into the old country.’

‘Was that all?’

‘Well, I think that was about all.’

‘Did you know Sample was going up into Hillsland?’

‘Yes, he told me.’

‘Did he promise to give you any information about the smugglers?’

‘Well, he did offer to do it.’

‘Did he send you word I was taken prisoner by them?’

After some hesitation Pardox replied,—‘Yes, sir, he did.’

‘And why did he do this if you had told him nothing about the soldiers but what he guessed?’ (No answer came to this.) ‘Did he suggest that an attempt should be made to rescue me, and that some of the soldiers should be recalled so as to make the attempt a failure?’

‘No, sir,’ replied Pardox. ‘He said nothing of the sort in his message,’ and again the false man recovered himself and looked round calmly.

‘Why did he send you word, do you suppose?’

‘He thought I should like to know, and all of us too. We all love and respect you, Captain.’

‘Humph,’ said Latimer. ‘We shall see about that presently. Did you urge the advance when the senior sergeant was unwilling because he thought it imprudent?’

‘Yes, most decidedly I did, sir. I said I could guide them the best way.’

‘Oh!’ said Latimer; ‘indeed, and with this view you guided them into the wood where they could not see their assailants or return the fire.’

‘That was a most unfortunate thing, I allow.’

‘Who blew the bugle to sound the retreat?’

‘The bugler would, no doubt’

'Did you or any one else give him orders to do so?'

'No, sir.'

'Did you retreat with the men who were with you immediately after the bugle sounded?'

'Certainly I did, sir.'

'And so the senior sergeant being unsupported fell wounded and was taken prisoner.'

'Just so, sir, it was a most unfortunate occurrence.'

'Did you see the bugler sound the retreat?'

'I cannot say that I did.'

'How far off was the bugler from you when you heard the call for retreat?'

'Oh, close by, a very little way off.'

'And you maintain that the bugler sounded the call?'

'Well, he must have done so, if no one else did.'

'Can you blow the bugle?'

'Well, sir, I believe I can, but not very well.'

'When did you do so last?'

'Oh, I may have done it sometimes to teach the youngsters.'

'That is all you have to say about what happened on that day?'

'Yes, sir, I do not wish to say any more; it is not for me to suspect anybody.'

'Very well,' said Latimer, 'we will proceed with a witness or two.'

Several soldiers were then asked in turn what they

remembered about the events of the day, and their reports agreed with what the sergeant had said. They all thought the bugler Upchase had sounded the retreat, but they none of them saw him do so. Latimer then said, 'Call in bugler Upchase.' The boy entered, looking pale and feeble, but calm and collected. Latimer said to Padox, 'After I have questioned him you may ask him questions. The matter against you is becoming very serious ; your life itself is in danger.'

Latimer then said to the boy,—' Did you sound the retreat on the day you were wounded ? '

' No, sir,' said the boy, ' I did not. I was going on with the men and was close to Sergeant Padox, when he seized the bugle and sounded the retreat. I ran on when he did so, because I thought it ought not to have been done, and I fell wounded, and I do not know what happened afterwards.'

' Did the sergeant take the bugle away altogether ? '

' No, it was still hanging to my neck as usual when I ran forward.'

Latimer then said,—

' Sergeant Padox, you may ask him questions.'

' I do not wish to ask him questions. If after my long service you believe the boy instead of me, I cannot help it.'

Lieutenant Jones here remarked that the soldiers had confirmed the statement of the sergeant.

‘Exactly so, Mr Jones,’ replied Latimer; ‘if the matter stood as it seems, we must believe the sergeant rather than this young lad.’

‘Call in Mrs Fairwell, with whom the lad has been quartered, and who has nursed him.’

The kind soul entered accordingly, and Latimer said to her, ‘Mrs Fairwell, you told me you were made ill by drinking a small quantity of a powder you found in a glass in the bedroom of this lad?’

‘I was, sir.’

‘Did the lad tell you how the powder came into the glass?’

‘He told me that man,’ she replied, pointing to Pardox, ‘mixed some powders in a glass and wanted him to drink it, and afterwards threw it into the fire, except what was left in the glass.’

‘Did you know afterwards what this was you found in the glass?’

‘Yes. I took it to the chemist, and he said he thought there was a little arsenic in it.’

‘Had you seen the chemist before about these powders?’

‘Yes. I went and asked him to sell me some poison to kill rats, such as he sold to that man,’ she replied, pointing to Pardox.

‘And he allowed he had done so?’

‘Yes. He said he had, directly.’

At this moment Pardox suddenly fell down apparently in a fit, and was removed from the room.

Latimer had been watching him narrowly, and had seen that all his assurance was deserting him during Mrs Fairwell's examination. He shook from head to foot and looked utterly miserable. No one could have recognised in the haggard wretch, the sleek and smart non-commissioned officer who was so attentive to the smallest duties of his profession.

Latimer said,—

‘We must bring this matter to a close.’ The sergeant was then brought in, and he immediately began a rambling confession, interspersed with appeals for mercy in consideration of his long service and good character. He fully acknowledged he had blown the bugle, because he wanted to take care of the men's lives, and he said he was afraid by mistake that he had mixed the wrong powders, for that he remembered he had some of the arsenic in his pocket when he went to see the lad.

Latimer said,—

‘It is too late, you have told us nothing but what we have found out, and your conduct in accusing the boy, and giving him the powders, gives the lie to your own words. You have betrayed your regiment, jeopardised the lives of your comrades to carry out your own wicked schemes, attempted to take the life of the innocent lad, to hide your own iniquity and double dealing. The stripes on your arm will be stripped off directly, and you will be sent under a strong guard to Everton, to be dealt with as both

civil and military law require. Your gross conduct in the whole matter is confirmed by information I obtained myself when in the hands of the smugglers. I heard one of them say that Sample had given information about the movements of the soldiers. It is all owing to you that the attack has up to the present time miscarried. I was a prisoner, and the sergeant is still one, entirely through your treachery. I cannot think of a sufficient punishment. It is too serious for us to deal with.'

The abject creature was now completely overcome by his sense of the peril of his position. But the sound could not then make a manly confession. He fell crying before Latimer upon his knees, saying,—

'I have been overcome by the tempter. I did not mean to do these things. I love my regiment, indeed I do!' And then he suddenly added, 'But I can do some good. I can tell you that the smugglers are going to run a cargo in ten days, and you can take them all. The misguided men have misled me and brought me to this misery and disgrace.'

He was proceeding with more such vain and false pleadings, when Latimer ordered him to be removed from the room and strictly guarded.





CHAPTER XVI.

THE interval of a few days only had passed when Brooke left to cruise on the coast and look out for the smuggler, while Latimer and his brother officer marched their men to a house on a hill not far from Massingberd—a farm-house which evidently at no distant time had been a gentleman's mansion. From this position, the house affording excellent quarters, a good view of the sea was obtained, and while it was sufficiently distant from Troutbeck to enable all plans to be made without the knowledge of the smugglers, it was sufficiently near for an advance to be made if a sea fight should arise between the *Daphne* and the schooner. This was the plan proposed:—Brooke was to cruise about, keeping well at a distance until the schooner made for Troutbeck. The coastguard boats at the same time were to be ready, and if Brooke succeeded in driving the crew of the smugglers out of their vessel, Latimer and his men were to march immediately to the coast,

and attack the land smugglers if they should oppose them, and at the same time cut off the retreat of those escaping from the abandoned vessel. Latimer felt it was useless to attempt to rescue the sergeant, and he was confident he would not be ill-treated from his own experience. He even thought it very likely that the smugglers would be set at liberty, especially if the smugglers heard of the detection of Pardox in all his villainy ; or he thought they might endeavour to make some terms and send the sergeant as mediator. When they arrived at the hill farm, the officers found it still more suitable for their purpose than they had anticipated. It was so easy a distance from Massingberd that all the provisions could be easily obtained, while the men were in no danger from the temptation of a town, and the fields around offered excellent ground for drill and exercise. Little Charlie Upchase in a few days rapidly improved, and was able again to enter upon his duties. He had become quite a hero in the eyes of the men, and a sense of relief was experienced by all in the absence of Pardox. He was never liked, the men feeling that he was a long way off from them, and that they could not understand him. His conduct was of course the continued subject of their discussions at all times when not on duty. His hypocrisy and treachery were somewhat beyond their simple minds, and the conclusion they came to without unravelling the whole thread of his

conduct was, that he was 'a right down bad one.'

We must now turn our attention to other actors in these events, and visit again the cave in which Latimer was detained. The wounded sergeant was there a prisoner. He was so severely wounded, that there was no need to guard him. His life was in danger for many days; he was nursed with most devoted care by old Bridget. She had taken a great liking for Latimer, and knowing this was his sergeant, she waited upon him with all the more care and attention. She was influenced, too, by her woman's love for one in trouble, and needing just such nursing and loving watchfulness as she seemed born to give to her fellow-creatures. Life without the loving care of woman in the hour of man's sickness and weakness, would supply a burden almost too heavy. Men can endure, men can bear sickness, men can nurse, but no nurse of the stronger sex has the gentle tact and constant forethought of the gentle one. The greater need of care seems to give to the nurse a greater pleasure in her duties, a more complete self devotion, a more untiring perseverance. Sleep is not thought of; it is taken when it can be snatched. All this Bridget was by her nature, and by her past life. It interested her, too, and broke the monotony of her life in the cave cottage, and she was influenced also by another motive, which yet she herself did not realise.

When at last the sergeant was better and able to converse, she told him long stories of the old Lord Marshalsea, and hinted often at some sad tale of sorrow in connection with his family. The subject appeared never to be exhausted, and her listener kindly allowed her to pour forth by the hour her long reminiscences. On one of these occasions Dingrose came in, and as if he knew as much as she did, she continued the narrative of the particular incident. Dingrose was sitting by in silence while he smoked his pipe, sometimes assenting with a nod, and sometimes by a word of comment. At last the old woman began to speak so very freely of the past, that Dingrose said,—

‘Take care, dame, what you say. It is not well all should be known about t’ould family. However, it is a thousand pities those days are gone, and that there is no heir to the property. But we know all about that, Bridget, and so there’s an end of it. What is, must be. If the young master had lived and had married, and had a son, why, he might have been just such another now as that Captain, your Captain,’ he added to the sergeant.

The remark seemed to strike the old woman exceedingly, but no more was said. Dingrose, turning to the sergeant, once more said, ‘You have had a proper rogue in that Pardox. He betrayed his comrades and his Captain, and sounded the bugle when you were taken and wounded, and then tried

to poison the bugler lad ; but they have sent him off to Everton in irons. I remember him of old ; he was always a false man and a bad one, and his new skin has not altered the old snake. I can't do with them kind of chaps. I like fair, straightforward conduct. It is partly on that account that I am a kind of governor here among these men. They would do far worse if I did not keep a tight hold of them to make 'em fair and straight like. I learnt these notions from one who's long ago gone, a great man he would be now, to whom I was a kind of foster-brother like. We mean,' he added, 'to let you go, sergeant, when you can walk. We know you won't fight against us, if you give your word of honour, for you are an honest chap, if ever I set eyes on one.'

The sergeant replied that he must do his duty, but if he gave his word he would keep it. The two then withdrew into the cottage at the bottom of the cave, and the sergeant only caught a word occasionally. They remained in earnest conversation for many hours. The sergeant heard the old woman say, 'He was married to the young lady ; I was at the marriage.' At this Dingrose seemed amazingly surprised, and still more when the old woman added, 'A son was born when the lady died,' and she spoke rather lower after this, but said distinctly, 'and that son you have seen, and so have I.' The sergeant listened, but could hear no more. A long while

after this the two continued to converse. When Dingrose came up into the cave he looked ten years older. His whole being seemed moved by the information he had gained. He only said, as he passed out, to the sergeant, 'With or without promise you may go when you can; but stay now, I'll send a note to your Captain, and you shall take it.'

As Dingrose walked down to Troutbeck, his emotions seemed only to deepen on reflection.

'His son!' he said to himself; 'was there ever such a strange thing? and to think that out of all the king's army he should be sent here to put down smuggling. Well, I shall give up the job. I can't fight against he. But what's to be done? There is a cargo to be run very soon. I must call all the chaps together and advise them to give up the whole thing quietly.'

On the next day he carried out his intentions, and held one of the meetings which had been so often held at his house. He began somewhat nervously to tell them that while no doubt the trade was a good thing for the coast there were some evils about it. In this kind of strain,—

'You see, my lads, it ain't no use to deny as smugglers do poach, and do drink a vast, and do want sometimes when the blood is up to do worse. Well, what then? why, it's hard sometimes to keep you straight. There's a fair way in smuggling and there's an unfair way, and I am for the fair way.'

The soldiers are coming again to attack us ; well, we are not afraid.'

This remark was received with applause ; the rest had been heard in silence.

'The soldiers are coming. We shall not beat them so easily as we did before when that Pardo led them into the wood. Say we beat them again, and we kill some of them and they kill some of us. Well, what then ? Government sends down more soldiers, and then at last we shall be beat. I advise now that we give it up. We can't stand against the power the country can bring agin us, and for my part I don't like fighting against my country.'

At this point many voices arose and exclaimed,—

'What ! Jock Dingrose, you are never going to desert us ? you are not going to be chicken-hearted?'

The prospect of losing their leader seemed in their eyes far more alarming than the picture he had drawn of the resources of the Government. A few seemed influenced by Dingrose ; the most moderate and respectable men, who would have left the cause long ago had he not been the leader. Among them were many farmers and leading people, some from Massingberd and elsewhere. A noisy discussion followed, two or three attempting to speak at the same time. At length young Maxwell, whose presence Dingrose had not noticed, stood upon a form, and there was a general shout for the young squire. Angry words ceased immediately, and all settled

themselves down to listen. He began at once by saying,—

‘It is high time that Englishmen should be free like the French, and that there should be a change of rulers. There are many bad laws.’ (Great applause.) ‘Many unjust laws which oppress the labouring population. Many things are made a crime which are no crime at all, such as shooting wild birds and catching fish, and bringing a little brandy over the water to sell here. These are not God’s laws, but men’s laws.’

Great applause followed, and cries of ‘Well done, young squire, that’s it. Them’s the points.’

‘Therefore, I say,’ he continued, ‘that if you choose to go on I will stand by you, young as I am.’

This speech completely carried the meeting, and when Dingrose endeavoured to speak they would not listen to him. Another leader was hastily chosen, and the meeting dispersed in a state of great excitement. As soon as they were gone Dingrose hastened up to the cave to release the sergeant, as he was afraid that, now violent counsels had prevailed among the men, some injury might be done to the sergeant, who represented the power they were now instructed to consider as an unjust enemy. He was only just in time; he hurried the sergeant up into the village near the castle, and then, securing a cart, sent him at once to Massingberd, telling him at the

same time where he would find the soldiers at the Hill Farm, and sending the message.

‘Tell the Captain that Jock Dingrose has given up smuggling, and has been all but called a coward, because he won’t fight against the son of his foster-brother. Tell him Jock Dingrose says he can’t go against t’ould house, come what may.’

The conviction in the minds of Bridget and Dingrose that in Latimer they had found the son of their beloved master, had not been complete until their long conversation brought to their memories many little recollections of manner which they saw reproduced in Latimer. They jumped to the conclusion without any reasoning. There was a son, and this was just such a man as their master’s son ought to be, and the more they talked it over the more the likeness came before them. Dingrose, too, remembered what his mother had said about seeing a ghost, and when he told this to Bridget on his return to the cave, they agreed that the matter was beyond dispute, and that there could be no doubt about it. Dingrose was in a strange confusion of mind. He was delighted at the prospect of the old family flourishing again as of old, but sadly cast down and ill at ease on account of his break with the smugglers. He muttered to himself, ‘They know I am no coward. I have always been ready to face any danger. I should like to see the man among them that I am afraid of.’ He then

fell into a long muse, which continued for a very long time after he had reached the 'Sea Gull.' At length he exclaimed,—

'I see it all now. Priest knew who he were, and wanted to convert him to his way of thinking, and that's why he wanted to keep him in castle. How comes he to be called Latimer?'

He then seemed confused, as if he could gain no further light. 'There's a Providence in all things,' he said to himself, as he rested on his bed; 'perhaps if I had thought more about it I should never have been a smuggler!'





CHAPTER XVII.

WHEN on the return of Father Philip he found that Latimer had quitted the castle, and had heard the reasons which Mary gave him, he received the news most calmly, and expressed his approbation on account of her forethought in lending him the horse, and directing him by the south road from the castle. He told her also that he had heard the report of his ride, and that one of the men was seriously shaken and bruised, while his horse had to be destroyed on the spot. He then began to talk about Latimer, expressing his high opinion of his abilities and character, and also his anxieties on account of the perilous nature of the work in which he was engaged ; he said,—

‘I am half inclined to help him, by persuading that man Dingrose to retire from the kind of leadership he has among them. He would listen to me, I know, because he has a great regard for this house and family. Perhaps you could write to Captain

Latimer, as a friend and sister, and while you congratulate him on his safety, you might say that I propose to do this. I should wish him to know it for particular reasons. He seemed to me sometimes a little suspicious about the part I had taken in the matter, and it would be desirable to remove this impression.'

Mary replied,—

'I am very glad he escaped. I was sure he could take care of himself, and I am more proud of my horse than ever, but I think I could scarcely write to him, could I?'

'If I desire it, my child, for the sake of the great cause of our holy religion, you would think yourself justified, I suppose?'

'Certainly,' said Mary. 'But I don't see how this is.'

'Well,' replied the priest, 'I see I must take you into my confidence, and I am sure you will be discreet. I am going to tell you a most important matter, and engage your services and your earnest prayers in a most anxious duty, in which I know you will gladly take part. You must know, then, that the former owner of this estate and title had an only son. He was a noble youth, high-spirited and manly; of, however, a somewhat hasty and impulsive temperament. He was warmly attached to a young lady, and desired to marry her. His father objected to this for reasons that might easily have been re-

moved, had the son waited patiently, but he was headstrong and self-willed, and secretly married the lady. There is now only a single person alive who was a witness of this marriage. He had a great friend, a man much of his own age, a singularly guileless and noble being. This young man was intimately acquainted with the lady his friend had married, but entirely in ignorance of the tie which existed between them, he paid some natural attentions as a friend, and the young husband construed them into a mortal offence, and challenged him to fight a duel. Such encounters were then only too common. They met and fought with swords, and the young heir fell mortally wounded. Before he died he confessed his marriage to his distracted friend, and at the same time blamed himself for his own death, and entirely released his friend from all guilt of bloodshed. That is, so far as he could do so. He died the next day, having committed his wife to the care of his friend, knowing how religiously he would undertake the charge. I have reasons, special reasons, for knowing all this which I need not explain. It does not concern the part of the matter which it is desirable that you should know. His friend placed the lady with an excellent widow lady, and at her house a child was born—a son. From this lady I became acquainted with the fact. The poor mother died a few weeks after the child's birth, and the friend who had intended to make known the mar-

riage, to clear his friend's character, hesitated to make known the birth of the child, and brought him up and educated him at a distance. His reasons for doing this were because the death of his son had for a time unhinged the mind of the old lord, and his brother, supposing him to be dead, as he was not heard of for some time, assumed the title, and entered upon possession of the property. How this was, and why this was, I need not explain. Your uncle is, as you know, a reserved man, and would shrink from any allusion to this subject. You must therefore be very careful never to reveal the knowledge you have now gained.'

Mary had been listening eagerly ; her pulse beat more quickly, and a bright intelligence beamed in her face, as if she anticipated the sequel. She said nothing, however, to show this, but simply uttered, 'Please go on.'

'I need not tell you,' Father Philip continued, 'that the grandson remained in perfect ignorance as to his parentage, and bore an assumed name. He did not know that he was a Lovelace, and the son of Lord Darske. I have made it my business, unknown to his benefactor, to watch his career, which has been highly praiseworthy, but unfortunately he has been educated in the doctrines of the Church of England. I think you may now almost guess the rest, and my object in communicating to you this sad story. You have seen, and know this young man. He has been

under this roof lately. He is Captain Latimer, and that (pointing to the picture in the library) is his father. It is not wonderful that you observed a likeness, which, I confess, is very striking.'

The first thing Mary said was, 'Then he is my own cousin, and I know why I was so drawn towards him.'

'Take care, my child, of your heart ; perhaps some other feelings drew you. For my part, I should be glad if it were so.'

Mary blushed, and said she did not think she had lost her heart to him. But she was very glad to have such a noble, manly soldier for a relative. She entered warmly into the scheme to engage his affections towards the Church of her own communion, and thanked the priest for his confidence in revealing all this to her. She became of course much more interested in the plan of detaching Dingrose from the smugglers, and she promised to write to Latimer to give him the message from Father Philip, and congratulate him on his safety. She laughed as she went out, saying,—

'I hope I shall not begin, "My dear cousin Frank," but I feel quite inclined to do so.' And she went away, singing joyously to herself at the happiness of the possession of her new-found cousin, after having received most solemn injunctions to observe the most perfect secrecy to everybody without exception. She wrote the note, however, carefully avoiding all allu-

sion, and thinking how strange it was that Latimer should not know when he received the letter as much as she did about himself. The letter was re-written several times before she was satisfied that she had not said too much or too little. She then took it to Father Philip, who fully approved of the letter, and promised to address and send it. She ventured the next day to suggest that there could be no harm in telling Latimer who he was ; but the priest said,—

‘That would be most unwise. He would immediately then understand our object—at least, one of our objects—in wishing to win him to the true faith.’

The priest very shortly after went down to Troutbeck to see Dingrose. He found him looking ill and careworn, very reserved and silent ; and after conversing on several subjects, Father Philip at last thought it best to come at once to the object of his visit. He therefore said,—

‘This matter between the soldiers and the smugglers is becoming very serious. I am afraid that some calamitous event will occur. At present your side seem to have had the best of it ; but that young captain I detained at the castle to oblige you is not a man to give up anything he has undertaken. He is coming down upon you this time with every chance of success. Could you not persuade these foolish misguided men to come to some terms. Suppose you were to send that sergeant, for instance, to make some proposal on your part.’

‘I can’t persuade them,’ said Dingrose. ‘I know all you say, and more too.’

‘Why do you remain in alliance with such persons? I don’t know how far you are engaged with them in these illegal practices, but the world gives you the credit of being a very important and influential personage among them. You are really too good for them. I am sure you cannot approve of many things that they do. Consider how demoralised the whole district is by this illegal trade. How many drunkards are manufactured daily when gin can be purchased for a penny a glass? What hundreds of young men are made idle poachers? The sense of right and wrong is less in the mind of every person who indirectly benefits by this traffic. Hundreds of persons are rich on this ill-gotten wealth; and when once any one or another has entered upon the business they seem infatuated, and moral considerations are set aside; and as for religion, there can be none in the hearts of those so engaged and occupied. Let me entreat you to withdraw from this position. I am sure without you it would soon fall to the ground, and I give you credit for preventing much evil. You see I am well acquainted with your doings. Give it all up, and make honourable terms with this young officer. I will myself willingly be your mediator, and I will undertake to represent your case in the very best light, that no one shall be punished if the agreement shall be honestly adhered to on the side of the smugglers.’

Dingrose answered,—

‘I know all this, and see it all, and have seen it long ago. It is no use to try; they won’t give up the smuggling; it’s in the very nature of some of them. They have been born and bred to nothing else.’

‘I could, I think,’ replied the priest, ‘give you some information which would make you very readily retire from all part with this business, and on the other hand exert yourself strenuously in persuading these men to do the same. If I told you, I should expect you to observe strict secrecy on the subject, which is of immense importance; a sudden revelation of the matter might lead to serious consequences.’

‘I will not tell anything that I don’t know, that your reverence may like to tell me,’ answered Dingrose.

The priest seemed to weigh this answer in his mind and be satisfied with it. He then told Dingrose the substance of his communication to Mary. He was aware that all the past history, except the birth and existence of Lord Darske’s son, was well known to Dingrose, but he was extremely astonished that the landlord of the ‘Sea Gull’ expressed no surprise when he had finished the story, and simply said, ‘I knew all this.’

‘When and how did you know?’ said the priest.

‘I put two and two together, and it came to the same as you say.’

‘This young man is the son of your foster brother. Are you going to fight against him?’

‘No, I am not, Master George. I beg your pardon, Father Philip, I should have said. I have given it all up since I knew this, and I have told my comrades, but not my reason.’

‘And why did you not tell me so before?’ said the priest.

‘Because I wanted to know whether your reverence knew what I had guessed to be the truth about this young officer, from his likeness to his father and from other things.’

Father Philip seemed rather uncomfortable in realising how completely he had been foiled and had been drawn out in the conversation by this man, while he had intended to make him an agent by moulding him to his purpose. As he rode away he comforted himself by remembering, that he would notwithstanding have the credit of withdrawing Dingrose from the smuggling in the opinion of Latimer. But the good man’s self-love was not a little wounded at the result of the conversation. He had determined to make Dingrose an ally in his great object, but this seemed exceedingly difficult; but so far what he wanted to accomplish was attained, although without his aid and influence. However, it did not suit his plans that another should be acquainted with the secret, and he remembered Dingrose’s cautious promise, which left him at full

liberty to tell the whole world. On further reflection, he felt sure that Dingrose would not do this. He went down the next day to see him again, to advise perfect silence, but he found Dingrose had left his house and would be absent for several days. It immediately occurred to him that Dingrose was gone to acquaint Latimer, which disturbed his mind exceedingly and sorely perplexed him.





CHAPTER XVIII.

IN those days in Hillsland there existed a class of itinerant pedlars, whose whole stock consisted of such portions of smuggled goods as could be conveniently carried on the back in a pack, or in large pockets of a coat made for the purpose. These pedlars made regular rounds, and were very busy soon after the arrival of a fresh cargo. They were indeed looked for eagerly and obtained a ready sale for their goods, and besides retailing tea and tobacco and other things, they retailed at great length and with many additions all the news and gossip of the neighbourhood.

There was one article in which they did a very considerable trade,—a certain very beautiful and light kind of silk kerchief, commonly of a chocolate colour ; there were others, and the most valued was of a kind of silver sheen. The familiar name for all was ‘Jock-olits.’ A good one,—and the old dames of the district were keen judges—would fetch four shillings,

and was worth a great deal more. Among these pedlars, the most skilful one by far, and the most popular on account of the most interesting news which he always brought and gave to his customers in proportion to their readiness in assenting to bargains, was one Anthony Fadge, commonly known as 'Anty Fadge,' and therefore generally called by all, young and old, rich and poor, 'Anty.' He had been for many years engaged in this trade; a cheery, pleasant man who could sing a good song, and tell tales of past times as he sat in the ingle of some snug taproom, when his day's work was over. At these little public-houses he was welcome without any charge, the only return he made being that he consented to easier bargains. His powers of walking, while he carried his often very heavy pack, were such, that any one who chanced to walk with him, although not so burdened, found it necessary to walk at his very best pace. There was a sort of swing in his walk which seemed to give him a greater ease in walking than other men commonly possessed. He never walked with his feet very forward, so that all his strength was always united in simultaneous movement from head to foot, and at the same time this gave him an almost graceful appearance in his walk. It was to him a happy, pleasant life, and he was a man who regarded the smuggling trade with an affectionate eye, while he considered himself as greatly the superior of all smugglers, even of those among the well-to-do farmers

who indirectly supported the trade and profited by its existence. To give some idea of Anty's life and character and the nature of his calling, we will follow him in one of his rounds at this period of our story. There was one excellent trait in Anty's character, which was, that he never carried stories about one house or family to another. He had a kind and good word for everybody, and resolutely refused to gossip. How he came to make this resolution we cannot say ; it may have arisen from simple shrewdness, and the early discovery that he made, that such gossiping would soon lead to ill-will in the minds of some towards him, and so spoil his trade ; or it may have been his natural good nature which made him dislike such conversation. He found the news about the events and the circumstances of the district, quite enough to afford him an ample store of subjects for discussion, which, without distracting the attention of his customers from his goods, kept them in a pleasant humour. Anty was never in a hurry ; he would open out anything again and again, but as soon as he saw he had completed his sales, he immediately repacked and was off to the next farm or homestead, saying he was 'minded to reach such a place before night-fall.' He never travelled in the dark. As soon as the sun was down he was having his supper among well-known friends. When there was no inn near, this would be at a farm-house.

On his journey soon after the capture of Latimer,

and the abortive attempt to release him, he was going his rounds very full of the interesting news, and having still a good store of jockolits and much tea and tobacco.

He purchased his goods at shops in Massingberd and elsewhere, but often obtained them direct from the smugglers. He came to a small hamlet in the very secluded part of the district, and entered the first farm-house, which he knew by experience contained the readiest purchasers, was at once saluted with cries of 'Here's Anty.' 'Come in, Anty; sit ye doon, mon; what will ye tak? Have a soop of sommat noo?'

These offers were accepted at once or at once refused with kindness of manner. Anty was very regular in his habits, and very abstemious while on his rounds. A hearty breakfast for the most part carried him to his supper. Admiration having been expressed at the beauty and texture of the jocolits, the excellence of the tea, and sundry bargains having been made, the master of the house carelessly expresses his willingness to purchase some tobacco, and having taken it, bids his wife pay Anty. All this would occupy the best part of half-an-hour, during which Anty was talking and mixing his news and his remarks about his goods together.

'Ha'e ye heard the news? T' Government have sent down a vast of sodgers to put down t' trade; hundreds of 'em and more a-coming. Eh, there'll be awful deed. But they have the Capen already

That jockolit, marm? that's a real beauty. I ain't had such a one in my hand for mony a day. I can't tak' no less than the best price for that. It will never wear out and allays keep its colour. You may wash it all day long, and it will only be the better for it. It's as soft as your cheek, my honey,' touching, while he said it, the face of the favourite child. 'You'll tak' it? very good; it's yourn. As I was a-saying, they have took the Capen and shut he up, and there's been a fight betwixt the sodgers and our people, and there's a many on 'em killed, and folks says there's some ships a-coming, too, to put down t' trade; some men-of-war, or summat like that they call 'em. Ye had better mak' your bargains, for who knows what will come to us all. Do ye think, marm, now, ye had better tak' a little more tea? I can't say when I shall be round again. Folks did say as how the Capen had got away, and rode away with a young lady a-riding behind him, who has fallen desperately in love with he, and as how they went over hedges and ditches like onything. But I can't say if this be true; folks will talk. There's a priest at t' big castle out yon as is going to turn smuggler, so he must think there ain't no harm in it. He have been a-helping the smugglers, he have. So that must be true.'

A general outcry of astonishment received all this news. And the pedlar turned it to account to press a few bargains upon his willing customers, who were

grateful to him for telling them this news before the others in the dale had heard a whisper of these exciting reports. Two or three were out of the house before Anty repacked, to give the information to their neighbours who, however, were not contented until they had heard the news themselves from Anty's lips, with some further additions and rumours; for he carefully made his whole tale last until he had nearly visited the hamlet, reserving for the very last house some further incident or surmise as to what might be expected to be the consequence, and what was going to be done.

'What I say is,' he added, at last in the house in which he proposed to spend the night, 'all folks as lives by t' trade must stick together. If it be wrang we are all wrang, but I can't see it. How would you folks get on without I came my rounds? Where would you get such tea and 'baccy as I brings you? and none of them chaps as sells can show such jockolits as I have, and that they knows well enow.'

Business being over for the day, Anty settled down quietly to his supper, and then, smoking his pipe, began his store of tales, interspersed with a good joke, or some story about a farmer who had lost a horse, or another who had lost some sheep on the moor in the snow. On such a night as this he was in his glory. The intended attack upon the smugglers was a Godsend to his trade; he sold nearly double in each day above his accustomed sales since he had

had so interesting and absorbing a subject for his customers' itching ears.

The next morning, after an early breakfast, so soon as he had completed a few last bargains with some neighbours who had come in to hear once more the exciting news, which had been discussed in every house in the hamlet, he was off again to other lone farm-houses or to hamlets. As he journeyed he began to consider seriously what might be the end of all the intended attack, and at last brought himself into such a state of melancholy foreboding, that when he arrived at another house he seemed to have lost heart to sell or even to talk; in one or two instances he found that timid persons even refused to make purchases when they heard his news, and had gone away saying 'they didn't think they wanted anything to-day,' and as this happened more than once, Anty began seriously to consider whether it would not be best and wisest to say nothing, and if questioned when any rumour had reached any place, to express surprise and pretend ignorance. This state of melancholy did not long sit upon Anty's heart. He was naturally too sanguine to be cast down any length of time by any anxiety. Moreover, he had the comfortable reflection to fall back upon that he had saved a considerable sum, had bought property also, and had his own house to retire to when he chose to do so. He could not, however, as he trudged along resist a sigh at the prospect of being obliged to give up the

habits of his wandering life and settle down. His better nature told him that smuggling was wrong, but he was so accustomed to regard it as a legitimate and honest trade that his judgment was distorted and biassed, and he regarded the movements of the Government as almost unjust at such times, when war had raised prices upon every article.

Anty was never married. Once or twice he had visited some hamlet very often, until the neighbours began to smile, but if these feelings for a time asserted their influence he invariably overcame them, as if he feared that settling down as a married man would prevent the freedom of his wanderings. He was also shrewd enough to know that an unmarried man, good-looking and cheery, and still far from being old, was always a welcome guest. Fabulous reports of his wealth, which he never cared to deny, added to the interest with which he was regarded, for if there is any place in the world where it is true, 'If thou doest well unto thyself men will speak good of thee,' that place is Hillsland. Having sold his pack until it was nearly empty, he determined to go down to Troutbeck and hear the real truth of the many reports he had helped to circulate. In Dingrose he had a friend he much regarded. The men mutually liked each other. Each secretly wondered that the other did not retire from all connection with the smugglers, each supposing that the other had already saved a competency to retire on. When Anty was about five miles from

Troutbeck, he suddenly met his friend riding on his roan pony, and from him he heard the full account of all that had passed, and of his fixed purpose to retire altogether from all connection with the smuggling ; but not one word did Dingrose say as to his reason for this step, which filled his friend's mind with no astonishment. He thought that Dingrose had realised a competency, and was going to sail into harbour before the coming storm.





CHAPTER XIX.

THE next day, however, after they had been hospitably entertained at a farmhouse, the inmates of which considered it quite an honour to receive Dingrose, the latter suddenly determined to lay his whole case and present difficulties before Anty. He therefore told him the whole of his discoveries concerning Latimer's identity, and how this was confirmed by his mother's recognition of the likeness. He told him all that Bridget had told him about the marriage of Lord Darske, and the birth of the child, and likewise the death of the unfortunate mother. He dwelt long upon the matter, often repeating over and over again some parts that most convinced himself, and concluded his story by showing that this revelation of the son of his own foster-brother being the leader of the soldiers was the cause why he had retired from the leadership of the smugglers. He said he could not fight against him; it was against nature; he could not fight against the heir of the family,—no

good would come of it. The affection for the family overruled in his mind all other considerations. Anty promised to be as silent as death, and secret as a dead man's grave. He was exceedingly interested by the information, and like his friend, he saw no reason to fear serious consequences to himself from all cessation of smuggling. Not that he regarded the matter merely selfishly, but his better nature always made him partly alive to the many evil consequences of 'the trade,' as it was called by them all. And had he needed another inducement to fall in with the ideas and intentions of Dingrose, he might have found one in the very house in which they were.

The occupier of the farm was a widow; in her husband's time it had been a model of tidiness and prosperity. Everything was in order and 'mensful,' as the term is in their common language of these parts. The farm without was in keeping with the homestead within and with the house. Not so now; the farmer had been dead a few years, and two tall sons worked the farm, when they were at home, but this was a rare event. Everything was neglected and in ruin, the whole place was lost, and looked miserable. The mother had piteously bewailed her condition the night before. Her cry was,—

'The smuggling has ruined my sons; they will think of nothing else, and when they have a little money, they go off to horse races. They spend every evening in the nearest public-house. They

are not badly disposed lads, and they are not unkind to their mother, but the moment my back is turned they are off, and nothing is done on the farm. I have a little lad and a lass, but what can they do? I often have to see to the horses myself, or the poor brutes would be hungered to death. They talk about the good smuggling has done to us all, but it has ruined us. My husband did as others did, and lent his horses, as ye know, but he never neglected his farm. And in those days the boys worked well and we were happy. It's all altered now, and we shall all soon be to the door. It's no use my talking to the bairns. They say, "Yes, mother, we'll give it up," but they don't. They are just now set up about young Maxwell a-joining in with them like. And they were somewhere with those that took the Captain, and they seem now more determined to go on, and fight with the rest against the soldiers. They will kill their mother if they do.'

This and much more of the same sort coming upon the minds of Dingrose and Anty in their present mood had a great effect upon them, and induced Dingrose to open his mind to his friend, and further induced Anty to acquiesce. When the poor widow was told of their intention to withdraw from the smuggling she was not a little comforted. She felt that when her sons returned—they were away as usual now—she would have powerful advocates on

her side. And that there was a ray of hope for her, that her sons might be brought back to steady and industrious habits. Her gratitude was most touching, and her eloquent lament gave Dingrose a qualm of conscience, when he remembered that this was not a peculiar case, and that other happy and thrifty homes had in like manner been made desolate and miserable by the owners taking too exclusively to smuggling and afterwards to poaching, and sometimes to worse employment still. We may know in part of our minds that a matter is wrong, but being blinded by self-interest, we may not really see it to be so, until one day by the force of circumstances we do so regard the matter as wrong and nothing else, and wonder that any other thoughts were entertained by our minds. This was exactly the condition of Dingrose and Anty. Both men of generous dispositions, they had grown up with the smuggling trade, and had entered upon their several callings in connection with it, and had prospered because they were men of superior energy and self-reliance. They had been both wonderfully little contaminated by the evil, although it had brought them much worldly advantage, and they imagined others could in the same way use the trade, and not allow it to harm them. Dingrose maintained very high principles of honour among his followers, and Anty was strictly honest in his dealings as a pedlar. When, then, they were brought to regard the matter through the weeping

eyes of the poor widow, the whole aspects seemed different, and they wondered to themselves that they could ever have overlooked such disastrous and serious consequences, or that such results could have failed to influence them against the traffic long before. After the long conversation between them and the startling news which Dingrose had imparted to his friend, he suddenly proposed that they should both go over to Ostend, and see Tim of the *Smiling Lassie*. Dingrose explained that he felt himself bound in honour to warn Tim that he had retired from all connection with the smugglers. And this could not be done in time effectually, as he thought, but by at once going over himself to Ostend to see Tim, and fairly acquaint him with his resolution.

The idea suited Anty exactly, and he at once assented. They made their way to Everton, riding in turn ; and leaving the pony there, took the coach to Hull, and the first vessel to Ostend.

In a small inn of the town of Ostend a few days after, some sailors are sitting, part of the crew of the *Smiling Lassie*. They were conversing in low tones about the proposed run, about the cargo and their plans, the number of men they should have, and all such matters. No rumour has reached them of any change or dangers on the Hillsland coast. Two strangers come in, whom the leader, Tim, at once recognises as Dingrose and Anty. They are received rapturously; more pipes are called for, and they listen

with expectation to know the cause of this unusual visit of the head of the Hillsland smugglers to the other side of the water.

Dingrose at once begins his tale, and informs his surprised friends of all that has happened at Troutbeck since the last run, so far as the Government was concerned in sending the soldiers, and the events that had occurred. Tim at once says that he is quite glad to hear that. His men are getting lazy, and a little fight with the cutter would be child's play to the *Smiling Lassie*. He says, 'What can the cutter do with her long bow chaser against our broadside of four guns. She may beat us at sailing, for these revenue cutters are wonderfully fast and handy, but we shall knock her out of the water. I shall get,' he went on to say, 'some better hands to help me. When they hear this they would like a share of the plunder of the cutter. We could take her into the service when we had put their chaps ashore.' This, and much more, was eagerly discussed by Tim and his sailors, who were in the highest spirits. Dingrose and Anty sat by in silence. At length Dingrose rose and said in a low, firm voice,—

'Mates,—Those of you as don't know Jock Dingrose may have heard of him, and if so, you know that he is a man of his word, and is not afeared of nobody. You also know as how he has taken a kind of lead among t' Hillsland lads for many years past

and gone, about t' trade. Ye also knows he has allays kept faith with this side of the water, and paid regular. That he has warned you about 'ventive men, and allays took care to observe t' signals as was agreed upon. And here he stands before you to-day, to say that he has give it all up, and ain't t' head man in Hillsland no longer.'

Tim's eyes flashed with anger and passion when he heard this, and he was going to speak hasty words. But Dingrose stopped him, saying,—

'Gently, mate; don't suspect an old tried comrade of being a coward, or leaving you to save hisself. He has his reasons, which have nowt to do with you, and they is good reasons, as Anty here knows, but he won't tell you, nor shall I. But I have come like an honest man to tell you I have give it up, and that's all ye'll know.'

His quiet courage had the natural effect; he was respected. But Tim and his companions looked vexed and annoyed. They knew how important a leader the landmen had lost, and how much more difficult their own part would be in the next run, under the altered circumstances, when they wanted Dingrose's calm judgment and influence over the other men. Tim muttered angrily,—

'I suppose you want us not to make the run at all, but to give it up, because you have chose to do so? I suppose you have had a quarrel with some of t' other chaps?'

'No, indeed,' said Dingrose; 'I want you to make no difference because I have given up the concern. You are engaged to run a cargo to Troutbeck on the day fixed upon, and you must keep your promise, or send them word you do not mean to do it.'

'What do you mean to do, then?' said Tim. 'Are you going to look on?'

'I shall not be in the country at the time,' said Dingrose. 'I have come here as an honest man, that you might not think I have played you false. I have warned you about the soldiers and the cutter. There will be plenty of them ready to help you; more's the pity. Frank is the new captain, and young Maxwell has joined them altogether.'

'Well,' said Tim, 'I can't make it out. It's the queerest move I ever see. To think that you, Jock Dingrose, should come over here all of a sudden to say you have give up being head man, and for no reason or sense at all.'

'I have my reasons, and they are good ones. You may think what you like, and say what you like, except call me a coward. For I am not. If I warn't a brave man I should not be standing here to be suspected by you, when I am clean honest, and mean only what is upright and downright.'

Tim then stood up and said,—

'I believe you, Jock. We are sorry to lose you; you always were as true as steel, and I won't believe

nowt else now. Give us your hand, man ; I expect it's some family trouble or summat of that sort.'

'Well,' said Jock, 'it is a kind of family trouble, that's all about it. I will not, and cannot tell ye mair, nor any one else, and ye must not axe me. I wish you well ; look out sharp for the cutter, and don't you despise her. Her captain is a downright good sailor, and as bold as a lion. He moves his ship just as if she was a fairy vessel. I believe she can gang along under a stiff breeze.'

'And what about the other, the land captain, who was took as you say?' asked Tim.

'Oh, he is a smart chap too, and knows his business. It was a kind of accident he was took, through the trickery of one of his side, and that set-to with the soldiers was a score for us, for the same reason. That same sergeant chap led the soldiers into the wood where they could not see us, and so we easily beat them ; and, besides, the rascal sounded the bugle and deserted his fellows. There was no glory in it. It was sneaking work altogether, and I did not half like it. But we was obliged in course to stop the soldiers, when they was a-coming to put down t' trade. They have more soldiers now, and our men will have to look sharp to beat them ; but if you can sink the cutter, why, your men can help on land. T' coastguard men won't be difficult to manage. They are only half-hearted against the smuggling, as we well knows

So saying, Dingrose and Anty left the little inn to seek other and quieter quarters for the night, while Tim and his companions had a long talk over their pipes on the altered circumstances, when they had gone on board their own vessel.





CHAPTER XX.

THE next day when Dingrose and Anty went on board a vessel to return to Hull, they saw Brooke's cutter lying in the harbour, and a man-of-war's boat rowing round the harbour, evidently with an intention of thoroughly recognising the schooner again when she was on the other side. Dingrose remarked to Anty, 'That Captain Brooke is wide awake. Tim will have to take care of his vessel, or the cutter will make her a prize.'

He then revolved in his mind whether he ought not to go back and warn Tim, and tell him what the cutter really was. But he was not able to carry out this half-formed intention, as the anchor was heaved while he was debating in his own mind about it, and moreover he thought that Tim would be sure to suspect the truth. Before they had half crossed the Channel, the cutter flew by them like a bird on the waters, and all on board could not but admire the way in which she was handled. Dingrose looked at

her with a sad heart and strangely mixed feelings ; it was a tremendous wrench to break thus from his friends, and seem to desert them in the hour of danger. But his loyalty towards the old family stifled every other thought, and his conscience told him he had acted the part of an honest man, since he had warned Tim, as well as publicly resigned the leadership of the smugglers, and also had sent a message to Latimer by the sergeant. That message, however, he had not received. Frank had sent men to watch the road, and the sergeant was taken prisoner the second time. But of this Dingrose was ignorant. He had had no communication with the smugglers after his resignation, and of course they would not tell him that his very last act had been reversed by the order and authority of the new leader. Dingrose and Anty returned to the 'Sea Gull,' and as a few days still must elapse before the day of the proposed arrival of the schooner, Dingrose remained quietly at home. His house was almost deserted. Any men he met avoided him, but he bore it all patiently, but not without many a sigh. He foresaw in the future a better condition of things. Of the ultimate success of Latimer, he never entertained a doubt. In the hope before him he endured the present wretchedness of his position, and he found in Anty, who remained with him, a friend with real sympathy, to whom he could speak freely. When we can unburden our minds, the trouble is diminished by more than half. The usual day came

round for his visit to the cottage with provisions, and the question that now most harassed him was whether he ought to tell Mr Spenser,—or, as we must now call him, Lord Marshalsea,—of his grandson's existence. He came to the conclusion that it would be best not to do so, but to wait until after the battle, which he felt sure would issue in the success of the soldiers. With regard to his mother, he thought he might venture to hint to her something of the truth, but he was afraid to tell her all, as he was confident she would not be able to hide her exultation and joy from her master, who would thus be told the startling news imperfectly and before the time. As he rode along he almost determined to say nothing whatever to his mother on the subject, and to give answers which would be the truth, while he kept the secret from her. He could not assume quite his natural manner as he entered the cottage, and he was the more embarrassed by finding her master in the kitchen also, who came up to him and spoke kindly. In the few words they exchanged, Dingrose saw the recluse knew nothing whatever of the events of the last few weeks. No rumour had evidently reached the cottage, nor was it likely to be so ; but when we know a matter which presses on our minds, we are always under the impression that others must know something at least about it.

At every turn of the conversation, therefore, Dingrose feared to hear some allusion to the soldiers,

and consequently to Latimer. Once or twice he was almost going to tell all. His habitual caution prevented this, however, but the situation made him so restrained in his manner that the old man observed it, and thinking it was merely some private matter that was upon Dingrose's mind, about which he wanted to consult his mother, he retired to his room, and left mother and son together. Dingrose at once said,—

‘That is the third time I ever spoke to the maaster since he have been here. How strange he should happen to be in here when I come in.’

‘He does not avoid people so much as he did,’ said Phœbe. ‘I find, but I did not know it for a long time, that he and the coastguard offisher walks and talks down below on the beach for hours together.’

At this information Dingrose seemed disturbed, for he thought the lieutenant might have given some clue in one of their conversations, and so a train of thought might lead the recluse to identify his visitor on the wild, stormy night as the leader of the soldiers. The subject was, as he expected, still uppermost in the mind of his mother, and she began very soon to speak about the likeness of her visitor, much to Dingrose's distress and embarrassment. He could only answer: ‘It is very strange, mother,’ and endeavour to turn his mother's thoughts to other subjects. This he found quite impossible, for she would not be turned from it, and she said,—

'Ye see, bairn, I was one day, not long since, a-sleeping in that rocking-chair. I had got all my wark doon, and all mensful like, and maaster had had his supper, and was gone to bed. When I dreamt that the door opened and you came in, and you said you had something wonderful to tell me, and that I must tell nothing to nobody, and then you said, bairn, as how the young lord had left a son, and he had grown a fine young man, and he was a-coming to claim his own. And then a young man came in, the very image of that young man as slept here that night, and I threw my arms round he and kissed he, and I awoke and found myself a-crying and a-sobbing ; but there was nothing here, bairn, and I knew it was nowt but a dream. What could it be? Pharoah had a dream, and Joseph and all. I had a strange dream once afore of something like this, but not so plain. It was afore that young man came and slept here. I see a figure all dim like, just a shadow like, come across the room, and that was like too, I thought, one as is gone. But maybe it was only your silly old mither's thoughts, and because her heart was a-aching for the ould trouble, ye knows on, bairn. But God Almighty may send us dreams now as well as he did to Pharoah ; wherefore not ? and I believe yet there's a something to come out.'

All this was to Dingrose something of a relief, for he could talk freely about the dream and his mother's thoughts. He comforted her by saying that he quite

believed some dreams might become true, and that although she might fancy such a thing, it seemed as if this had been a real dream. Her son's acceptance of the idea was a great comfort to the old woman, and she became more cheerful than she had been for many years. She took leave of him with great solemnity of manner, and said,—

‘Mark my words, my son, the next time ye come, another will come with you, and my dream will come true. I feel as sure of it as that you are my ain son, and a good boy ye have allays been. Ye seem doonhearted, lad, a bit. What is it about? Have ye had a dream too, lad?’

‘No, mother,’ said he, ‘I have had no dream. Things have happened lately as have worried me a bit, but let us cheer up, mother; there may be brighter days a-coming.’

And so saying he left the cottage, returning leisurely on his pony, pondering over in his mind all the past revelation of matters concerning Latimer, while at the same time he tried in vain to see into the future. He wished he could in some way act as mediator between the soldiers and smugglers, and deeply considering how this could be accomplished, he returned to his dwelling. He had some thoughts of taking counsel with Mr Temple, who he imagined must be in perfect ignorance as to Latimer's identity, and also he thought he would find in him one most willing and able

to advise, and who would take a keen interest in the matter, and perhaps be able to intervene between the Government and the smugglers, and so assist in avoiding bloodshed and misery. Regarding Latimer as his future master, Dingrose continually kept in his mind the bad effect that would be produced by the smuggling being put down by Latimer. A prejudice against him would be raised which would, he thought, never be effaced in the whole district, and then the joy of the revelation of the heir of the property would be marred by his appearing in the person of Latimer under such circumstances. The kind of thoughts which he had now to entertain were in a manner partially new to him. He was ready enough in dealing with men, as he had done for many years with great tact and forbearance, but he had now to consider so many points at once in a new matter, under peculiar conditions, and he felt himself hesitating and doubting in a manner quite new to himself. He particularly desired to avoid Father Philip for the present. At last, to conclude doubts, he resolved to go to Mr Temple, and he went at once. He was cordially received, and he began his task at once.

‘I have come, Master Arthur,’ he said, ‘to speak to you about a very particular matter.’

Mr Temple said,—

‘I like you to call me Master Arthur; it is like old times, John. What is it?’

‘Well, sir, you remember about Lord Darske?’

‘Alas, John, how can I ever forget that miserable time. It is painful beyond measure to speak of it, and yet the subject is never quite out of my thoughts. You do not know, John, I was not to blame in that, and yet I was, for why did I go forth to take another’s life or give my own? My conscience should have been satisfied when I knew I was blameless, John, and I should have borne any obloquy rather than lift my hand against my dearest friend on earth.’

‘I know it, Master Arthur, I know it,’ and the strong man sobbed aloud.

‘I did not know Arthur was married to Clara, and no one knew except a very few,’ continued Mr Temple.

John bowed his head, and said ‘Go on, sir.’

‘He told me as he died in my arms, and he committed her to my care. She died in childbed, and I have been a father to the boy ever since. I have educated him and loved him ever as my son, but I have never seen him during all that time. When the old lord went wrong in his mind, and his brother took the property, I hesitated to declare the truth, and my brother George encouraged me in concealing the matter; perhaps he had reasons of his own. I will not judge him. He had, as you know, a little time before joined another church, and was a zealous convert. It pleased him to be the

domestic chaplain of the new lord, who was of his faith. We have seen little of each other, but we are good friends and brothers in affection; our creeds have not separated us. And now, John, I have strange news to tell you, which I have been longing to tell to some one. I have seen my adopted son; he is more than worthy, he is noble in every way. He is here under the name I gave him. He has served with great distinction in the army. My heart went out to him on the first moment I saw him, but then I did not even know his name.'

'I know all,' said John, 'and I came to tell you I have found out this too—me and Bridget together, and what my mother said, and so we made it out.'

'Is Bridget alive?' said Mr Temple. 'I have quite lost sight of her for many years. She knows more than any one.'

'She lives in the cave cottage,' said Dingrose, 'and has done for many years. Father Philip, I mean Master George, likes her to live there, and she has always been kind to any of our men as has been sick and ailing. She nursed him when we took him. You would hear about that, Master Arthur.'

'Yes, John; and the misery of those few days was unbearable. That foolish lad brought me a note from the cave—I expect through Bridget. She may have seen his likeness to his father then. I see it now, although I have only once seen him, and I am longing to claim him as my son; but until this matter

is over—this attack upon the smugglers—I dare not declare him.'

'He knows who he is himself by this time, or he may guess,' said Dingrose. 'I sent him word by the sergeant that I could not fight against my foster-brother.'

'I heard you had left the smuggling. This was the general subject of talk in the village some days ago, and is still. But I can tell you what you do not know. After you released the sergeant he was again seized by your successor, so that my dear boy would never have your message. How strange it is, John, that he, of all men, should have been chosen to put down this smuggling — my own adopted son!'

'And my foster-brother,' added Dingrose. 'Cannot we do anything, sir, do you think, to bring a settlement without bloodshed? You might persuade our fellows, and if you told the Captain who he is, he would feel he was under great obligation, like.'

'I think something might be done,' said Mr Temple. 'It is worth trying, at all events. Anything to save unnecessary bloodshed among the people. Oh, John, why have you for so many years been mixed up with them?'

'Well, sir, I hardly know. It went on and on. I took the public, and the smugglers came there, and we got to trade, and then they chose me head man just as it were without choosing. I began to arrange

and order, and so they went on doing what I said ; and I did a good deal to keep order, and make less harm come out of it ; and then it enabled me too, sir, to look after the old lord and my mother.'

'The old lord ! You do not mean to say he is alive ?'

'Don't you know, sir, he's Mr Spenser, and lives in the Glen Cottage ?'

'I never heard of it until this moment. Has he recovered his senses ? Is he all right in his mind ?'

'Oh yes, and has been a long time.'

The next question was, 'Does he know of his grandson's existence ?'

'No,' said Dingrose ; 'and that's what I have come about.'

'I must see him ; I must tell him immediately—poor old man !' replied Mr Temple, much moved. 'And all these years he has been living alone, and I not knowing it ; but perhaps he would rather not disturb his brother now, after so many years' possession of the property. What joy it will be to show the old man his noble grandson, Arthur, again, and something more—Arthur's and Clara's son. But then there is this horrid business to be passed through unless we can stop it. When will it be, do you think ?'

'In three days now,' said Dingrose.

'How do you know ?'

'Because the schooner is coming then, and the

cutter has been over to Ostend to look after her, and Tim is coming, for I have been over, and all to tell him I have given all up. I thought it right to do this, sir, as an honest man, as I told the others here.'

'You are a noble fellow, John, indeed you are.'

A tear gathered in John's eye as he said,—

'Thank you, sir, that's the best reward I have had. I know I am right now, and do not care. But do, sir, try to stop the matter and bring all about peacefully. The men respect you. Your brother, sir, might do something if he would, and I think he would. But I will go now, sir. I am going away until all is over. If I am here I shall be suspected by both sides—an enemy to all and a friend to none. I have got a friend up in the moors, twenty miles away, and there I will wait until you send for me.'





CHAPTER XXI.

WHEN Mary Carfax was in possession of the information given to her by Father Philip, she found herself, after the first pleasure was over, in a dilemma which appeared to her much more serious than the former one. She was bound by a promise to reveal her relationship to Latimer to no one without exception. She desired to visit both Mr Temple and Gertrude, and knew how difficult it would be to speak of Latimer in the position he occupied, as she supposed, in the minds of all others. Pondering all this over in her mind, she remembered all at once Mr Temple's anxiety about Latimer, which she had strangely forgotten, and of course she wondered why he should be so exceedingly interested in her cousin. For a long while she was completely puzzled. She was not aware that Mr Temple and Father Philip were brothers. That they mutually regarded each other with much esteem she did know, but not more. That Mr Temple was the actor in the tragic story

she had heard never occurred to her mind as possible. However, as she could now reassure him as to Latimer's safety, she rode over after some days of delay, and was received as usual with all kindness and affection. It was the day after his interview with John Dingrose. She found him in almost buoyant spirits, with occasional relapses into deep and anxious thought. He at once began to speak of Latimer.

'I am glad to tell you, my dear child, that the young man is now in safety ; that he has escaped from the kind of prison in which he was detained. I have heard but an indistinct account of the matter, but I am told he some way succeeded in getting a horse, and riding most furiously over every obstacle, succeeded in distancing his pursuers.'

Mary laughed, and said,—

'I can tell you something about that. He rode Wellesley.'

'Indeed !' said Mr Temple ; 'how was that ?'

She told him all about Latimer's detention at the castle, and Father Philip's wish that he should remain to enable him to keep his promise to the smugglers. Mr Temple looked grave and serious, and said,—

'Ah, my child, I think I understand now. Well, perhaps it's natural ; never mind,' he went on to say, as if talking to himself. Mary, of course, read his thoughts, and knew that he understood the priest's object in detaining Latimer, and she blushed to feel

herself a party to what seemed to her a kind of designing conduct she was not herself capable of. Mr Temple was much interested to know what Mary thought of Latimer, and made her tell him as much as she could remember of their conversations, and was very anxious to know the subjects that Latimer seemed to prefer.

‘Did he show,’ he asked, ‘that he had received a good education and had made a good use of it? Did he seem to have had an extensive range of reading?’

Mary could fully assure him on these points, but wondered at his exceeding anxiety to know. The good man sat by listening with a pleased and happy look, saying, ‘Go on; tell me more about him.’

At last he said, ‘I wish I dared to tell you why I am so interested in him. But I must not. Will you trust me, my child, and believe that I have good reasons. I cannot tell you what pleasure you have given me in all you have told me about this young man. I am in hopes now, from something I heard yesterday, that we may be able to bring this proposed attack upon the smugglers to a peaceful conclusion without bloodshed. It will be delightful if we can for several reasons. I should be almost sorry that Captain Latimer should be the man to overthrow the smuggling, and complete a violent assault on those engaged in this wretched business.’

To all this Mary could say but little. She felt guilty before this good and guileless man. Of course

she could understand his anxiety that the future master of the property should not be introduced to the neighbourhood as the punisher by violent means of this long established evil. She saw that he knew as well as Father Philip did who Latimer was. But how he knew, and why he was so personally interested in the matter, she could not imagine. As before, he seemed not in the least to observe her embarrassment. Mary tried once or twice to introduce another subject, but it was of no use whatever. Mr Temple immediately returned to some questioning about his adopted son. Before she left he said,—

‘I have one good piece of news to tell you. John Dingrose has left the smuggling, and without him they are much more likely to be broken up. He is an excellent fellow. I have known him for many years, and although he has been their leader, I have the highest opinion of him.’

She said she was glad to hear this, but not without awkwardness and embarrassment, because she knew of Father Philip’s plan of detaching Dingrose from the cause, and in her own mind she at once attributed this result to his influence. On her way home, feeling exceedingly vexed and uncomfortable, with gleams of brighter thoughts in the possession of her newly-discovered cousin, she debated as to whether she would go and see Gertrude, and coming to the conclusion that she would meet no trial there equal to that she

had just passed through, she went. Gertrude received her with open arms, and said,—

‘Oh, Mary, I have been so longing to see you ; we are in such trouble. Philip has given us more pain than ever. He has been oftener away, and comes home sometimes very late at night. He has been speaking openly before my father, defending the smugglers, and broaching all kinds of French revolution notions, about equality and the rights of man. My father is perfectly miserable ; he takes no pleasure in anything, wanders about all day listlessly in the grounds with his hands behind him, and in the evening when he sits silent in his chair, I often see his eyes swim full of tears. He is so anxious Philip should grow up to be a great and good man, and take his place in the country, and have right ideas and principles. I am now, I am glad to say, no longer obliged to seem to be against my father, since Philip has spoken out. What I really believe my father is afraid of is, that Philip will join the smugglers ; for he is as brave as a lion, and as strong as a man, and then when they are beaten, as they must be by the soldiers, he will be taken with the rest if he is not killed, and stand as a felon at the dock, and that would kill my poor father outright,’ and poor Gertrude wept bitterly as she said these words.

Mary tried to be what comfort she could, while Gertrude went on with her tale of anxiety. She said,—

‘When I try to argue with Philip, he tells me that girls do not understand about such things, and that I am not his mother, and have no right to dictate to him where he should go and what he should not do. My father seems utterly unable to speak and reason with him quietly. They both become very angry, and then one of them goes out of the room. And when they meet again my father generally says, “My dear boy, I was hasty, but please do not vex me. Can you not do as I wish you to do, and have nothing to do with these smugglers?” But he never obtains any decided promise. The answer generally is, “I will not disgrace you, father, nor my name.”’

Mr Maxwell then came into the room, and Mary was grieved beyond measure to see how ill and thin he looked. He stared at her without speaking, and then gently kissed her, saying, ‘God bless you.’

Mary tried to talk so as to amuse him, as she had often done. She knew all his favourite ideas. But the one subject of the day, the intended attack upon the smugglers, she could not talk about. And so she very soon came to an embarrassing pause. At last she ventured to say that Dingrose had left the smugglers. This news immediately roused Mr Maxwell, who seemed greatly relieved, and when she further said that Mr Temple told her there was some hope of the whole matter being settled without bloodshed, he became comparatively cheerful, so that Mary felt her visit had done some good. But now the subject

was opened, and Mr Maxwell could freely speak of it, with this hope before him, he began to speak of Latimer, and to ask Mary about him, knowing all about his residence in the castle.

‘It was a strange whim of your father confessor to turn jailor, Mary. What did he mean by it? He has some reason, I suppose, but for the life of me I cannot see it. What do you think it was?’

This was a most embarrassing question, and poor Mary could not answer. At last she said,—

‘I am not at liberty to say.’

He replied,—

‘Oh, I beg pardon.’ He then turned, as he thought, the subject, and said, ‘What sort of a young man is this Captain Latimer? How do you like him? Who is he like? Describe him if you can. You know I have never seen him.’

This was becoming worse and worse, and Mary at last said,—

‘Oh, he is like one of the pictures in the castle.’

Gertrude now saw Mary’s embarrassment as well as her father, but both attributed it to a wrong reason, and surmised that the young soldier had made good use of his time while at the castle in partly winning Mary’s affections. Gertrude at once came to the rescue, and invited Mary to come and hear a new song; and no more was said. But Mary quite understood the mistaken interpretation they had given to her manner, and she felt utterly

miserable. After the song was over, Mr Maxwell, who was rapidly recovering his usual spirits, began to talk of Brooke, saying,—

‘What a fine noble fellow he was, so bright and intelligent, and full of fun. He is so anxious to fight the schooner that I think he will be almost sorry if the matter should be settled by mutual consent. I must confess,’ he went on to say, ‘I should like to see the fight between the cutter and schooner. Shouldn’t you, Gerty, dear?’

Gertrude gave a start on her chair, and quietly said,—

‘I don’t think I should;’ and then she added, ‘this is all dreadful work.’ And, supposing she referred to Philip, her father relapsed again into something of the dulness in which he was when he first entered. And so the visit came to a close, and poor Mary rode home with a busy full heart, glad and yet sorry that she had come out at all, and being determined that she would immediately ask to be released from her promise, and find out if she could from Father Philip why Mr Temple was so particularly interested in Latimer.

With this double purpose she sought an interview, and told all that had occurred, but Father Philip said,—

‘I cannot release you at present from your promise, nor can I explain why Mr Temple has any knowledge of the matter. You shall know all by-and-by.

Trust me, my daughter ; I have good and important reasons, and I am sure you will willingly bear any trifling annoyance or embarrassment such as these. You have seen your friends now. The next time it will not be half so trying. Go again soon ; that is the best way. You will find yourself perfectly calm and collected after a little while. I am, however, glad to know that Dingrose has left the smugglers ; but I knew this already. We must try and bring this matter to a conclusion without bloodshed. I will go myself and see Mr Temple—he will be a useful ally.'





CHAPTER XXII.

A MEETING of the smugglers under their new leader had been held during some of the events recorded in the late chapters, in which it was only too evident how serious a loss Dingrose was to their cause, and how difficult it was to manage—in point of fact to rule—such a set of men. The absence of a leading mind at once roused all the tendency to a greater personal self-assertion in many which had lain dormant under the general although tacit confession to the great superiority of Dingrose as leader and director. There was no planned or intended opposition towards Frank Just, the new captain, but such opposition as arose came forth naturally when he began to govern, and they were supposed to begin to obey. It may have been in great part that the success of John arose from the men's consciousness of his exceeding unselfishness, and that he always seemed to rule without caring to be ruler; indeed, he carried the burden of authority as a weight that he would at

any time have gladly been rid of. And in addition to this they could not but be aware how careful he was to prevent them from doing more harm to themselves than they naturally did by becoming smugglers. Frank was a man of much commoner mind, without half the tact and knowledge of human nature, and without any of the inner circle of high principles upon which Dingrose acted, and so doing, justified to himself the retention of the leadership, and his own personal connection with the smuggling.

All this will be seen in the narration of the first general meeting to consider general plans. It was held in the cave. Bridget still remained in her cottage and waited upon the sergeant, who was now strictly guarded.

The first question that arose was what was to be done with him. What did Frank propose to do with him now he was retaken. Frank had no answer to this, no reason to give; he had thought it best to have him captured because Dingrose let him go. One of them, Sam Brack, said he 'did not see no sense in it at all. It cost a vast to give t' soldier his meat and all, and they was obliged besides to watch him in turn for nothing at all. What could one more soldier do agin them if he was let go,' and so on, a view of the matter which was received with a buzz of approbation. Frank was obstinate, and said,—

'If he was to be leader, they must do what he

thought right. He said there was no sense in letting the sergeant go to tell all about them, how many they were, and even most of their names.'

This was a lucky afterthought for Frank, for it brought the majority back to their allegiance. The idea of being picked out and marked and known by name, was an unpleasant one, which they had not before contemplated. And Frank was generally voted to be perfectly right, and Sam was told that he was nothing more than a born fule not to think of it. The next question was, 'Where shall we run the cargo?' They knew it was a bigger one than usual. The answer was,—

'Oh, into t' cellars under the castle in course as we always does.'

Frank said, 'I have not got the key.'

'What a shame of Dingrose to keep it when he has giv up being leader,' said Brack.

'He gave it to me,' said Frank, 'and told me everything about the run, how much was a-coming and all about it.'

'What's come with the key, then?' said Jack Harford. 'Have you eat it, Frank?'

'No, Jack, I won't have none of your sauce. The priest from castle sent down to say he wanted the key, and that it would not do to run stuff there any more. He knows more about us than any one, so it would not do to offend he, you know, so I sent it in course.'

The men looked vexed and angry. Then some one suggested—‘Stow it in here ; why not ?’

‘It’s an awkward place for it, as you knows. We could not get half in here,’ said Frank.

‘What’s to be done then ?’ again asked the same voice, and they looked at their leader, who was not ready with an answer, and hesitated. Sam Brack, who was smarting under his former rebuke, said,—

‘I say break open t’ cellars and let yoursells in, and t’ stuff and all.’

‘Hooray,’ shouted several voices ; ‘that’s the time of day. Sam’s the boy to leads us after all is said and done.’

Frank said, ‘I will have nowt to do with it, then. Jock Dingrose would never have allowed it. Didn’t t’ priest keep t’ soldier offisher ever so long in t’ castle to please us, and we are a-going to fly in his face in syke a manner. And, besides, if we did this t’ priest might tell t’ castle folks, and they might come and keep all the stuff, and then tell t’ magistrates, and somebody would come with a vast of folk and soldiers and all, and tak all clean away to Everton or anywheres, and what fools we should look. What a laugh the hail country side would have agin us !’ No, that would never do ; and Frank once more silenced Sam.

Young Maxwell was present, and hitherto had not spoken. He now quietly said,—

‘There are some old large buildings behind my

father's house ; they stand away not far from the road. I will manage to get the keys, and you may use them. I am sure there cannot be any harm in that. It's my place to do what I like with, and no one ever disturbs me there. It would not be a bad place to meet in either instead of the cave, and I could come oftener if you did not mind meeting there.'

This offer and proposal put the meeting in excellent humour. It was pronounced an excellent plan in every way. There were, however, many other points to arrange when this was satisfactorily settled. How many horses they would require, and who would lend them? Was it likely that any would refuse to lend now that Dingrose left them? A long discussion followed upon this point, which was after a great deal of warm—not to say angry—arguments tolerably unanimously assented to as proposed. Other points were arranged also, such as managing the signals, sending out scouts to give notice of the run, and arranging watchers to guard the road.

Dingrose had so thoroughly organised this part of the matter and worked it into a system, that they simply in this followed former arrangements, and in most cases took the same posts. They were now thinking of breaking up the meeting, to meet next time in the old stables of Holly Bank, when one of them said,—

'Could not we do something to stop the soldiers before the run comes. Suppose we was to make an

attack upon them. We could gather fifty men, farmers and all, and we have plenty of guns and plenty of powder—Jock Dingrose took care of that, as he said we did not know when we might want it. What do you say, my lads?’

There was silence for some moments. At last Frank, who was a bold man, and rather anxious to show his capacity as a leader, said,—

‘I’ll lead you, lads, if you’ll coom, as t’ chap says. ’Tain’t a bad notion, noways. We could creep up through the wood and get quite round the house. There are not more than a score and a-half of them altogether. What do ye say?’

‘I say,’ said Sam Brack, ‘as how you would be attacking a wappses’ nest afore you have killed the wappses, and they would come out and sting you. They’ll have their sentries, bless you, and shoot you down through the windows, and you would not see any one to shoot at. ’Taint a good plan at all, to my mind. If you like to go, I am not afraid; I’ll come too; but they would beat us at that job. I say, don’t do that, but send t’ soldier chap to say to his Captain as how if they’ll let us alone this time, quietly, and let us have this run quiet, and gang away, we’ll give up afterwards and have no more to do with it, and all turn respectable, like. Some of us, perhaps, will go and be soldiers too; it can’t be syke a bad trade, after all. This here sergeant say he likes it well.’

Another pause followed this proposal, and as the men were not prepared for desperate measures, many inclined towards it. They all felt they were in the wrong, and that in the end they would be beaten. This proposal was a sort of triumph for them, while at the same time they relieved themselves from an awkward and dangerous position. They decided after much discussion to try this course, and to send the sergeant immediately on the errand, having first made him promise that if the proposal were not agreed to, he was immediately to return and give himself up a prisoner.

The sergeant assented, but told them he entertained very little hope of success. 'However,' he added, 'my Captain is a very kind and feeling man, and if he can see his way to do it with honour to the service and his duty to the king he will.'

After he was gone a very different proposal was made, which was that some of them should go up into the woods just the day before the run, and entice any soldiers who might be straying about the fields—(they knew this was the case at times, for so the spies reported)—to come and drink, and so incapacitate them for service in a degree for the next day. This plan was also accepted, and with more readiness than the last, and some seemed to think it was a pity it was not thought of sooner, as it might have been attempted on a large scale if there had been time, and that perhaps some of the

men might have been induced to desert if they were told how much ready-money was to be picked up in smuggling, and what a free and happy life it was. And so the meeting at last came to an end, and they separated.

The sergeant was led by two of the men to the nearest spot to the farm, beyond which they did not venture, and he then proceeded alone up the hill. He was challenged, and, of course, could not give the watchword, so he answered, 'Friend!' When told to come forward he was immediately recognised by the sentinel, who fired off his piece, and the guard instantly turned out. Great pleasure was of course expressed at his return, and Latimer himself came out. The sergeant saluted, and requested to speak to him privately. Latimer called him in and took him up the old staircase to the officers' private room, and then questioned him on every point about what happened on the occasion of the advance of the troops, and the unfortunate attempt to rescue their leader. Of course he heard everything to confirm what he knew already about the conduct of Pardox. He was then questioned as to what had happened to himself, and he told fully to Latimer the whole of the conversation between Dingrose and Bridget. He said he 'could not fairly understand it, but it was some one who was killed they cared very much about, and they said they wished he had a son. Then they thought all of a sudden that there was a son, and

talked a long time about it ; and at last they said that you, Captain, was this somebody's son.'

Latimer, as it may be supposed, was moved beyond measure by the intelligence, his heart beat so loud that he could hear it himself. He questioned the sergeant, who endeavoured to explain how this all was, but in vain. He then told many of the stories of the old family Bridget had given him, but still was unable to make clear to Latimer who he was supposed to be. At last he said, 'That man Dingrose is a downright good man. He let me go once, and he has given up being the head of the smugglers, and he told me to tell you this : That he could not fight against the son of his foster-brother, and that he had almost been called a coward, but that he would not go against the old family.'

'What family ?' was of course the question. But to this the sergeant could give no clear answer. It was a family somewhere there, great people, but that was all he could say.

Latimer's thoughts may be easily imagined, but he was sorely puzzled. He had all his life known his own history was a mystery, which he hoped one day to solve, and now that he seemed to have obtained a clue, it had come in the most unexpected way, and from a most extraordinary source. He felt sure of the truth of Dingrose's statement when it should be made to him, but how to get it he did not see. He was convinced Dingrose would not have taken so

important a step as resigning the leadership of the smugglers at such a time, unless influenced by a very strong impulse indeed. The next question he asked was, 'Where is Dingrose?' The sergeant did not know, and Latimer knew by experience he must not venture alone into what might be called the smugglers' territory. He saw that he must wait until after the encounter with the smugglers before he could make any inquiry. His mind became almost overpowered by the conflicting thought, and he was going to dismiss the sergeant after highly commending his conduct, and saying he would report him to the colonel, when the sergeant, saluting again, said,—

'Beg your pardon, sir, but I have brought another message from the smugglers.'

He then told the proposal. And Latimer said,—

'Go away. I will see you again in an hour. I must consult Lieutenant Jones.'

When the sergeant was gone, Latimer stood up, and taking off his shako, he looked solemnly upwards, while his lips moved. Then, after pacing the room two or three times, he sat down and said aloud, 'Duty first and foremost to my king and country.' The offer of the smugglers was a very tempting one. He wished to spare life, and it would enable him at once to follow out the clue and discover his own parentage. But he at once came to the conclusion that he could make no such terms. How could he trust the smugglers? It then occurred to him that

perhaps through Dingrose it might be done. He thought if he could see him he could trust him, and, at the same time, hear from his lips this important secret. But the thought was again instantly banished, and when he found himself sufficiently master of his thoughts, he sought Lieutenant Jones, and calmly gave him the report of the sergeant and the message from the smugglers ; and when they both agreed that the proposal could not be entertained for an instant, and that the sergeant must return according to his compact, he called the sergeant again before him, and gave him the reply. And he only added, ' If you can find out more from Bridget or from Dingrose, do so. I cannot explain to you what I know about myself now, but I have long expected some discovery of this kind. You need make no secret about it, my name as I am usually known will suffice, if I am ever to bear another to which I may have more right. I cannot be happier than I am in our noble service, especially when I command such men, sergeant, as yourself.'

The sergeant returned that same night to the cave, and gave himself up as a voluntary prisoner, until he was again actually detained by force, when he would feel himself at liberty to escape if he could.





CHAPTER XXIII.

ON the evening of the day on which Mary Carfax had called at Holly Bank, Mr Maxwell, as usual now, greatly depressed, went out into the garden. It was a beautiful night, with a bright moon, fulfilling the words of the poet, who sang so soothingly thus,—

‘As when the moon hath comforted the night,
And set the world in silver of her light.’

This influence could not fail to make itself felt and be appreciated by the harassed spirits of the worthy owner of Holly Bank. His son, as usual, was not at home, and he hoped he was employing himself in some way in the old stables, which he often did. He thought, therefore, that he would try to find him there. He was pleased as he drew near to see a light burning, which was less observable on account of the moonlight. ‘God bless the dear boy,’ he said to himself. ‘He is all the while innocently engaged in his carpentering or something of the kind. I have perhaps often judged him harshly.’ Exceedingly

cheered by the thought, he was within a few paces of the door, when to his surprise he heard many voices. He had just time to draw within the shadow of a thick shrubbery when the door suddenly opened, and twenty or thirty men came out and softly glided away towards the road. The last one of all said to his son Philip, who was with him, 'Good-night, young squire, we be all ready now for them soldiers; we can run the cargo in here just beautiful; 'tis a grand place for it.'

'All right, Frank,' was the answer, and they parted.

The poor father was made so miserable by this discovery that he almost fell to the ground. He clung to a tree to support himself, while Philip went away to the house. The worthy man felt that the matter had now become so serious that he could not speak to his son that night, and so retiring to his room he sent for his daughter, and told her what he had seen and heard. His daughter's grief and sympathy were a comfort, and seeing how completely unable to act her father was, or to decide what to do, she suggested they should go together in the morning to Mr Temple and consult him, and be guided by his advice. She said that if Philip would listen to any one it was to the good clergyman of Sandpit, and that she hoped he would be able to convince him how wrong and dangerous his conduct was. The father acquiesced, and ordered an early

breakfast in their rooms that they might drive down as soon as possible. Poor Mr Maxwell had evidently slept but little, and poor Gertrude's eyes testified to much weeping and little sleeping. But she tried to be cheerful and hopeful, and said Philip was only a foolish boy, and had not seen how serious the matter was, because he had been reading some dangerous books that some one had lent him.

The answers she obtained from her father were only, 'Poor boy ; it will kill me. I am glad his mother did not live to see this day.' He saw his son already in his imagination standing before a court of justice to receive his sentence. A kind and indulgent father he had been, but he was never able to talk to his son so as to guide him. His own excellent and good disposition and rather simple mind made it almost impossible for him to understand why any one should do as his son did. He was completely puzzled ; he was sure his son was not badly disposed or depraved, and when he acted thus the cause was to his father's mind an unfathomable mystery.

Mr Temple entered into the matter with all his heart, and was exceedingly grieved. But his view of the matter so much agreed with Gertrude's and he made so much allowance for Philip's youth and inexperience of life, and spoke so confidently of his hopes of success, that Mr Maxwell began to think that he had been needlessly alarmed, and when Mr Temple

offered to return with them at once and remain at Holly Bank until he had seen Philip, he recovered himself a good deal, and began to converse with Mr Temple about the whole circumstances and to ask what chances there were of bringing the matter to an end without bloodshed. Mr Temple told him that he was on that very day in hopes that some agreement might be come to, for that he had seen some one the night before who was very likely to succeed, and who had promised to see both the Captain of the soldiers and the leader of the smugglers.

‘By the way,’ said Mr Maxwell, ‘Captain Latimer is a friend of yours, I suppose? you were in such trouble, I remember, when he disappeared and was taken by those rascals.’

‘Yes,’ said Mr Temple, he is indeed a friend of mine, and one I am much interested in, but I cannot at present tell you more, and I must beg you not to further question me on the subject.’

Mr Maxwell looked surprised and uncomfortable and almost annoyed, and seeing this, Mr Temple kindly said, ‘There is nothing wrong, but quite the contrary. In a very few days you will hear, I hope, some very joyful news, which may go far to be a great and lasting blessing to this whole district.’

By all this Mr Maxwell looked utterly puzzled, almost distressed because he could not in the least comprehend the bearing or meaning of his friend’s mysterious communication. But he caught after a

while a portion of Mr Temple's joyous spirit. He was, however, as much surprised at his present buoyancy of mood, as he was by his opposite depression on the occasion of their last meeting, when Mr Temple seemed so exceedingly anxious to see Captain Brooke.

'I should like,' he said, 'my son to be just such another as Captain Brooke. What a man he is—so full of fun, and yet so excellent a man in every way. I wish my boy would take it into his head to be a sailor and go for a cruise in the *Daphne* for a year or more. I believe then he would be just such another, for my Philip has nothing bad in him. He is so like his poor mother, that I can never find fault with him. I am afraid she spoilt him when he was a child, and I dare say I did too. In short, I suppose I am very much to blame. I ought somehow to have made Philip different.

Mr Temple wrung his hand and said, 'God bless you, sir; there are many who profess much more religion than you do, who might take a lesson from your practical Christianity and true humility.'

'Oh,' said Mr Maxwell, 'I don't deserve any praise. My mother taught me to do what is right, and to be kind and cheerful and patient with others. I wish, however, she had lived to help to manage this lad of mine. She would have done it far better than I can. After all, Mr Temple, it is a very anxious business being a father. Gerty never gives me any trouble at

all, but I must confess I am not suited to be a father of sons. You are a fortunate man, Mr Temple, you cannot conceive the misery of these last few days that I have gone through.'

Mr Temple answered,—

'I am sure your son will yet be a blessing and a comfort to you. The evil wave of these serious French notions has washed our shore, and your son has unfortunately been touched by it. In a very little while he will laugh at his folly, and be grieved that he has given you such pain and anxiety.'

Such was their conversation while Mr Temple waited for Philip's return. He came not, however, to dinner, and poor Mr Maxwell sat in the corner of the room utterly dejected. The evening passed, and Mr Temple and Gertrude in vain attempted to cheer him, and lead him away from his distressing forebodings. The bedtime came, and Mr Temple at last unwillingly took his leave, after promising to return again as early as possible in the morning, that no opportunity might be lost in reasoning with Philip, and if possible that he might be drawn at once from the evil and dangerous associates he had in his folly and ignorance chosen.

As Mr Temple returned home he began meditating upon the character of Philip, that he might with more success speak to him in the morning. And he said to himself, 'Vanity and self-conceit are at the bottom

of this. This young man believes himself wiser than any one. What he thinks must be right, and if right any one who opposes him must be wrong, and so he is not a wrong doer, but a right doer ; a very comfortable doctrine for selfish human nature, and a notion very difficult to dispel from a mind so possessed. He has not a large amount of intellect any more than his father has, but he has a kind heart, and a fair amount of good sense too. He is at an age difficult to deal with ; not a boy, not a man. If he remembers his mother I will work upon him through that influence. These French notions I will not try to combat. I will give him credit for his sympathy with those who are, as he thinks, unjustly treated, and so, perhaps, I shall better succeed than if I began to speak of his father, and tell him all he feels and suffers. A spirit under his present delusions would kick at authority, and so I had better say as little as possible on that ground.'

The next morning Mr Temple returned to Holly Bank, and when there, Gertrude met him and said,—

'Philip has not come home, and my father is now in another mood ; he is very indignant and angry. He has had the doors of the old stable secured, and he has tied up one or two dogs inside. He has also sent into Massingberd to the magistrates, and begged them to send him some constables, and they are here now in the kitchen, and they are to watch. My father has been loading some pistols in the library, and he

says, whatever others may do, he will not harbour rogues; and that if Philip does not come home very soon he will disinherit him, and turn him from the door.'

Poor Gerty was the very picture of sorrow when she told all this, and Mr Temple, feeling how much more serious the matter was, was only half successful in giving her comfort. He, however, did not lose his sanguine hopefulness.

'One above is helping, my child. When we do His will, all will come right, dark as it now looks. Philip's better nature will prevail. I shall go in search of him, as he will not come home. I wonder where this cave is in which my— I mean Latimer, was detained. I imagine I shall find him there— especially if he obtains any intimation, as is probable, of what his father has done to make it impossible for the smugglers to meet here.'

Gertrude thanked him and he left. He walked down to Troutbeck heartily wishing he could have Dingrose now at hand. He went to his house and asked where the cave was in which the men sometimes met, but the answer he obtained was, 'Oh, somewhere up in the wood.' He wandered up the pathway again towards Holly Bank, when he met Johnny M'Grath, and immediately told him he was going to the cave. The lad said, 'I will come too. Myke's a clever boy. Myke will show you the way.'

He led Mr Temple to the spot, and pointing to

the entrance, which was much concealed by rocks and brushwood, said, 'That's the way in.'

Mr Temple stooped and crept in and found himself in the cave with which the reader is already acquainted. The sergeant was there, with his feet tied, and was watched by one of the smugglers. Old Bridget was there also, at the sight of whom Mr Temple was much moved. He shook hands with her and said, 'You and I know better days are coming; but now I must speak to young Mr Maxwell, whom I see here as I expected.' He then reasoned with Philip a very long time, as he had determined. Once or twice he thought he had succeeded, but after all Philip said,—

'I must not break my word. I have promised to stand by these men, and I think they are unjustly treated. I am sure I do not want to be against my father. But he always wants me to do what he likes, whether I like it or not, and that I can't stand, and that is just how it is. And Gerty wants to lecture to me as if I were quite a boy, and between them they make me quite miserable at home, although I dare say they mean to be very kind and all that. It is of no use your talking, sir, I must go on now. I cannot help myself.'

Mr Temple then told him of the proposed attempt to bring about a compromise, when Philip said, 'That has been tried, and that Captain has refused. That sergeant took the message. It is no use. I

'shall not go home now until all is over!' And so saying he rose and suddenly left the cave. Mr Temple felt it was utterly useless to follow him. He therefore turned to the sergeant and asked him many questions about his Captain. He received, as we know he would do, a very full and faithful account of Latimer's noble qualities, his high character as a soldier, and his kindness and justice in his treatment of his men.

He listened so long that an hour or two passed by, and he was so happy in hearing all this, that he almost forgot his anxieties about Latimer under the present circumstances, as well as Mr Maxwell's distress from Philip's conduct. And at last he went down into the cottage and passed several hours in close conversation with Bridget, telling her all he had done since the miserable calamity, and how he had trained and educated Latimer as his own son, and always provided for him. She was exceedingly surprised that Mr Temple and the young heir had never met but once, and then had not known each other. He told her to remain quietly in the cottage, that he would endeavour to obtain the release of the sergeant. And that efforts likely to succeed were being made, in spite of the failure which young Mr Maxwell reported, to bring about a quiet settlement of the whole question without bloodshed.

'It is a sad thing to think,' said Bridget, 'that

he should have to come to put down smuggling ; but God knows best, and Father Philip tells me all will come right, and this young heir will be sure to come to our religion. God grant it may.'

'I cannot say Amen to that prayer. You know, of course, that my brother George and I take different views. But one thing remains to us, we need not quarrel because we are in what seems different churches. If the future lord believes in his conscience your way is the right one, I shall not hinder him, or love him the less for his decision.'

And so at length he returned with a sad heart to Holly Bank to report to the unhappy father his complete failure in his attempt to bring Philip to reason and restore happiness to that once happy home, now made so desolate without a cause except the vain thoughts of man, and the leadings of man's enemy.





CHAPTER XXIV.

MR TEMPLE found that Mr Maxwell had relapsed again into his melancholy mood when he heard the account of the interview with his son in the cave, which Mr Temple softened as much as possible, by regarding the words of Philip as the expressions of a foolish headstrong boy. He was nevertheless grievously hurt and distressed. His cry was, 'My poor boy! what can have put such notions into his head? Do you think I have been harsh?'

Mr Temple succeeded tolerably well in satisfying him that he was not in the least to blame. And he told him also he still hoped that Philip on reflection would return, and not put his father and sister to such serious pain and suffering on account of his conduct. He himself returned to his home, and found Father Philip waiting for him.

'Well, Arthur,' said the latter, 'I am afraid I cannot report great success. Our project has not made a great advance. I went yesterday to see Captain

Latimer as we agreed, and he told me he had received an intimation concerning his own parentage through the sergeant, who had been sent up by these misguided men to propose a foolish compromise. It was unfortunate they had taken this step, because it made my task more difficult. He begged me to tell him anything I knew about himself. He asked was there any clue in the likeness to himself of the picture in Medlicott Castle. I parried these questions, and said at present I was not at liberty,—that I did not feel myself fully justified in telling him all, and that the revelation I was able to give might be a hindrance to him in doing his duty, and bringing the suppression of the smuggling to a conclusion. In short, you see, Arthur, if he does not know who he is until afterwards, there will be the less feeling raised against him in the district, from his being the chief instrument of punishment and law. People will not be able to say how could he, the heir and future master of the property, consent to take upon himself such a position. Why did he not ask to be superseded and so forth. Now, if he does not really know anything until afterwards as to the real facts, more than the very hazy indistinct notion he now entertains, you and I between us can make the truth of the matter thoroughly known, when the attack is over, and so we shall exonerate him from all blame, and save him from being judged harshly, or accused of heartlessness. I therefore think you will agree it will be most

wise, I may say kind, not to enlighten him more until afterwards.'

Mr Temple said, 'Well, George, there is force in your argument, and I will consent also to act upon the idea, and not make any attempt to reveal his true parentage to him at present. Moreover, I don't want to parade to him any kindness I may have done.'

'Just so,' said Father Philip, 'leave the matter to me. I will break it to him. I am the more suitable person to do it, and I will choose my own time and way, according to circumstances.'

'I must confess, however,' said his brother, 'I feel like a father towards him, and I long to have his love as a son, that I may feel I have in some degree atoned for the bitter injury I did him by taking his father's life. It has been, as you know, the dark spot of my existence. I shall never forget the scene. But if I could see his son acknowledged as the heir, and living here and dispensing blessing around, I should feel that God had heard my prayers.'

'It was indeed as you say, Arthur—a dreadful day, followed by serious consequences; but I have never blamed you, as you know, and I have rejoiced to see your wishes fulfilled in the success in life of your adopted son, and I rejoice now as much as you to see how fine a character is developed in him, under such disadvantages. I never met a man who acted from higher motives and who was influenced by purer principles, while his intelligence and ability

are remarkably beyond the average, and his reading is so extensive and thorough that I cannot imagine how he has found time to pursue it, and how he has had access to so many books.'

'That part of the matter I have attended to myself,' said his brother. 'I have carefully selected his library, and have sent him books, which seemed naturally to follow each other.'

'Well, now, however,' said Father Philip, 'I must tell you the rest of my tale. Having satisfied him, or rather convinced him, that he could obtain no more from me on the subject of his birth, I made my proposal of compromise, and it was this, that he should write for instructions, and ask permission to withdraw his troops to Everton for a few weeks, saying that he was told in well-informed quarters that the smuggling community was dissolving by itself, and that an attack just now might freeze the movement into hardness and arouse opposition to law—that what had been already done had worked a great deal of effect, and that there was a strong feeling in the district that the smuggling was doomed.'

'And what did he say to this, George? He would not agree, I am sure.'

'He very courteously heard me, and said it might be true, but that his instructions were already so full, and the Government were so determined to put down the smuggling by one decisive blow, that he saw this

blow must be struck, but that it would be his endeavour, and the endeavour of his sailor colleague, to make the consequences as little serious to the smugglers personally as possible, while it should completely wreck the cause. He said, too, that asking to withdraw his men to Everton would look like cowardice, and that his men would almost rebel, fearing to be laughed at by their comrades in the regiment. As we have failed, therefore, with him, and I could not shake him in the least from his purpose and resolve, I left him ; and I must confess I regarded him with respect and admiration. I longed, too, to impart to him who he was, and to hail him as the noble descendant of a noble race. But there was another reason why I thought it desirable he should not yet know the truth. You see, the present lord—I mean my lord—is not aware of his brother's existence. He has no knowledge, therefore, that the recluse at the cottage is his brother. I think it very possible, indeed, that he has never heard that any one is residing there. He is so reserved and retired in his habits, that the world outside is little known to him ; and I have of course taken care to keep the matter from his knowledge. When the old man insisted upon returning to the district, which he did through the assistance of Dingrose, he gave me a solemn pledge that he would not disturb his brother in possession. He said he had no wish to assume the property and the title again, and that he should

spend his days in reading and contemplation—that life had no joys for him in its riches and possessions, that he had enough to live upon from private sources apart from the property, and that the faithful Phœbe was the only servant he required.’

‘But why did you keep that secret from me, my brother?’ said Mr Temple.

‘Because I did not wish to give you pain. I thought you would be uneasy and want to go and see him, and I thought also that you would betray your knowledge of his grandson’s existence, and I thought it far better that the young man should grow up not knowing himself, and work himself into the strong self-contained man he is, fit for the highest duties, and equal to any position, and able to take his place naturally and with honour to himself, when in the course of nature he would be prepared by your system of training and education. You had some such thoughts yourself, for you have carefully kept from my lord the knowledge that his brother’s grandson is alive. I saw his name as being appointed for this service, which you did not, and I became early acquainted with him on his first arrival. I confess, Arthur, I desired to win him to my belief. Can you blame me? But I took no unfair advantage. At the same time I must allow that up to the present my efforts have been in vain. He is as staunch in your views as you could desire, and he can hold his own in any argument with no weak reasoning and

with admirable temper. But I must now tell you the rest of my tale. I went to see the new leader, Frank Just—a very different man to Dingrose, but not without some good points in him and some character. I proposed to him at once that he should send over to stop the run, and then allow me to make known to both the captains that the smugglers had voluntarily given up the traffic and would retire from it. I hinted that there would be ample means found to provide employment for all those who would have to seek regular employment, and I also said that probably some great blessing would come besides to the district, if the smugglers so acted, but that I could not fully explain the nature of it. I have no doubt, when my lord knows of the revelation we are able to give him at the right time of his brother's existence, and the discovery of the heir, that he will retire to a monastery. I know him well enough to know that he would not hold the title for a day under to him these new circumstances, and I am sure the old man would not return or leave his solitary life, and so your adopted son would at once be the representative of the family. If I can win him to my Church, I will remain with him ; if not, I will follow my master to the religious house he may enter ; but I have yet hopes, and you must forgive me if I try my utmost to gain my object.'

'God, brother,' replied Mr Temple, 'will decide the matter. My prayers, however, will not be on

your side. But what did the leader say about your offer? It was a very good one.'

'He said,' replied the priest, "'It is too late; all is arranged. The schooner will be here almost immediately. We are ready to resist; we have arranged all our plans, although you will not let us have the cellars under the castle. And besides," he said, "I dare not draw back. The men have made me leader, and I mean to show what I can do, or I should never hear the last of it from that fellow Sam Brack."'

The two brothers then separated. Father Philip, returning to the castle, thought it best not to report to Mary his failure as a mediator, and so he avoided seeing her. And thus the eventful day for the run drew near. Latimer was watching the coast, and looking carefully for an appointed signal from Brooke that he was ready. It was to be a rocket sent up an hour after sundown on the evening before the run. At the very instant he expected it he saw it, but far out to sea. Latimer then knew that the schooner was on her way, and was being watched by Brooke. He called the men on parade early in the morning, and told them fully what were his plans, and how they were to act; they were to fire low when ordered, but to reserve their fire altogether if possible, and overpower the smugglers by a charge with the bayonets. He told them the cutter would first attack the schooner, and that as soon as she appeared in sight, they would march in as straight a line as possible

for the coast, so as to come down near Sandpit. He said he imagined that the smugglers would avoid the woods, if driven out of the vessel, suspecting the soldiers would be in the pathway to the cave, and also that they would most likely all come towards Sandpit to avoid the boat attack from the coast-guard. And if so, they would be met just as they were coming to Sandpit to endeavour to conceal themselves in some of the houses. He said, further, that the smugglers would probably make very little resistance, as they would be demoralised by the capture of the schooner, and besides, they had lost a very able leader, and would therefore be under less control and discipline. Each man would probably act for himself, and be easily persuaded to lay down his arms.

Everything that could be thought of to ensure success Latimer seemed to have anticipated. A small guard was to be left at the farm, and in case the attack upon the schooner failed, and the cargo run, they must then make a dash upon the smugglers, and after a sharp fight, he thought they might still succeed, with the assistance of the coastguard, and defeat them. If the schooner sent out the boats, supposing the cutter was disabled, and endeavoured to attack the coastguard, they might perhaps have to retreat and follow the smugglers cautiously, and then, by watching and guarding the roads and paths might compel them afterwards to submit. Of the

eventual success, he said in conclusion, he was perfectly confident, and he exhorted them to be very steady and cool and collected, and not to be dismayed if matters should seem against them at first.

The smugglers, to their dismay, in attempting to meet in the old stables, found themselves shut out, and the place guarded. This was the evening before the run. They were much disheartened by this, and feared treachery among themselves. They even began to whisper among themselves that perhaps the young master was a spy, and had been acting under orders. An angry discussion took place in the open road, and they at last agreed to try and stow the cargo in houses of friends in Sandpit, and to go down there at once and await the arrival of the schooner. The last order given was to release the sergeant, as there was a difficulty in keeping guard over him any longer. Frank Just in his turn gave his instructions to the men in the morning, and said he had no doubt the soldiers would be in the path leading to the cave and the castle, and he thought Tim would easily manage the schooner, and they could manage the coastguard. They were much cheered at the prospect of outwitting the soldiers, and they were kept out of sight while Frank and a few of the leaders went forward towards Troutbeck to look out for the appearance of Tim's vessel.

At Holly Bank the inmates were more miserable than ever, and poor Mr Maxwell opened his eyes on

the morning of the day, seeming utterly paralysed and unable to rise from his bed.

Dingrose and his friend Anty were living in the distant moors, deeply anxious ; so much so that before the day was over Dingrose said,—

‘I can’t stand this. I must know what has happened. Let us go back. We may perhaps do some little good, which ever side has got the better.’





CHAPTER XXV.

THE day had passed noon, when the schooner was seen in the offing making her way direct for Trøtbeck. There was a very considerable breeze. Latimer even at that distance recognised the schooner. He had when a boy seen her in former days at Ostend, as he hinted to Dingrose. The smugglers brought out some boats, and a file of horses were trotted down the sands and concealed in a glen near Troutbeck. The *Smiling Lassie* came on bravely but cautiously. She made signals, which were answered from the shore ; but when within a couple of miles the cutter suddenly appeared, beating up against the wind from the mouth of the river Murth. At first Tim did not seem to understand her purpose, and no notice was taken of her in his ship. Presently the cutter started right out to sea ; she then suddenly, after going a mile away, turned and came up in the track of the schooner. When within gun-shot she fired her bow chaser right into the stern, and struck

one of the schooner's masts. And before the schooner seemed to recover from the surprise, she had sailed past, and swinging round, again made out to sea. The vessels now began to manœuvre so as to use their respective guns without allowing their adversary to do the same. The schooner tried always to keep her broadside to the cutter, and more than once fired her guns, but without effect ; one shot slightly touched the cutter. The windy weather greatly favoured her, although her armament was so much less. A second time, after many attempts, she succeeded in firing her gun into the stern of the smuggler, and this time, by the confusion, seemed to have killed some men. All this was witnessed by Latimer and his men as they were marching down. Again the cutter flew round and round the schooner, and the latter tried to come to close quarters ; but her nimble antagonist would not allow it. Another long trial of skill between the commanders followed. The cutter was hit more than once, and one of her sails was damaged, but she pursued the same tactics, and at last with fatal success, for her shot struck the rudder of the schooner and utterly disabled her, and killed (as was afterwards known) the man at the helm. When the schooner found herself thus disabled, she immediately lowered her boats, and filling them full of men, they rowed towards the cutter. At the same time the boats of the coastguard came round the point. Seeing this second enemy the smugglers at once

retreated to their vessel. And again the *Daphne* fired upon it. This was several times repeated, but still the smuggler flew her colours, and would not yield. When the coastguard boats were near enough the cutter also armed her boats, and approaching at the stern of the schooner, prepared to board her. They were startled by a sudden explosion on board the schooner, as if her captain had attempted to blow up his vessel, and immediately afterwards the schooner's boats were let down, and made for the shore. A second explosion seemed again to occur on board the schooner, just as the cutter's boats were boarding. A severe fight with cutlasses followed, but so many smugglers had left the vessel that the rest were overpowered, Tim among the number. Several of the men were wounded, but not very seriously.

It was then known that Tim had twice attempted to blow up his vessel, being mad with rage on account of his defeat and probable capture. Latimer, who was now within two miles of Sandpit or less, had the satisfaction of seeing the smuggler's colours go down, while three guns in succession, a signal agreed upon before, were fired from the cutter. The boats of the schooner were pursued by the coastguard, and made a very successful fight, but at length the smugglers were driven out of them to seek shelter on shore, and abandoned their boats. Presently the cutter's boats followed also. The smugglers on shore

joined the men from the schooner, and a severe encounter took place between them and all the boats' crews. Some boats from Troutbeck took part in this. The smugglers at last were driven back. They retreated somewhat unsteadily towards Sandpit ; and at last, when out of the reach of the muskets of the boats, rushed hastily up into the village, something like a panic having seized them. At a turn in the street of the village, just as they were passing a road from the west, the soldiers suddenly appeared. Frank Just and young Maxwell quickly rallied the men, but it was of little avail. Without firing a shot the soldiers charged with the bayonets, and after a very short engagement they were overpowered and taken prisoners to a man—young Maxwell among the number, who was slightly wounded. A few of the soldiers were also wounded. The surprise had been so complete that the smugglers fired at random, and had no chance whatever in open fight against disciplined men, under such cool and experienced leaders as Latimer and Mr Jones. To Latimer's great surprise, just before they had met the smugglers, the sergeant had joined them. The man who released him had foolishly told him something of the smugglers' plans. When the prisoners were all secured, and the prize sent round to the nearest port, Brooke came on shore, highly delighted at his own success, and equally pleased with his friend's.

'Bravo, old boy!' he said. 'We have managed

the job at last, beautifully. I am sorry for the poor devils, and I am glad it is all over. We have certainly done the thing thoroughly, and that worthy lieutenant of the coastguard fought his boats as well as any man I ever saw in my life. Fancy that rascal trying to blow up his ship and all his cargo! We have got her, though. It is a glorious haul. Was it not lucky we had such a smart breeze. After all, there is very little glory in such work.'

It was then agreed by the officers of all the services that they should report the result to headquarters, and ask for further instructions. All the prisoners not wounded were taken at once under a strong escort of soldiers, commanded by Lieutenant Jones, to Merton, and on the next day they were to reach Swinton, and on the following day march to Everton.

Brooke interceded for young Maxwell, and he was not sent, but as a wounded prisoner he was taken to the Hill Farm that a special report of his case might be made by Latimer.

There were many witnesses of this day's work. From the hill near Holly Bank Gertrude had seen it, and from the heights at Troutbeck the two brothers, Father Philip and Mr Temple, had watched the battle. They wondered at not seeing any soldiers, and rejoiced to suppose the matter had been concluded without the aid of Latimer, who thus would not be an object of dislike to the district in so great

a degree as might otherwise have been the case. Mr Temple hoped, too, that young Maxwell had at the last hour returned home when he had longer reflected on the misery he was causing there. Father Philip returned to the castle to give instructions that any wounded men might be relieved, and at the same time sent into Massingberd for medical assistance, while Mr Temple thought he ought in the first place to call at Holly Bank, hoping that he should find Philip returned and poor Mr Maxwell comforted. When Mr Temple reached Holly Bank and met Gertrude, he did not need to be told that she was not the bearer of any brighter news. She appeared dreadfully agitated. She said,—

‘I have been a witness to the battle between the ships. I saw all on the sea. What happened on land I cannot tell. Tell me what you know. Was Philip there? Is Captain Brooke hurt? How beautifully he made his vessel go about. But what an awful sight it is to look on such a work of death. I was all alone, and fell on my knees until I saw the vessel taken. But I remembered my foolish poor brother might be among the smugglers, and waiting to fight by land; I knelt again and prayed to God to save my father the dreadful blow we feared. I almost wished, do you know, that my poor brother might be killed before he could lift his hand to fight against the country and her laws, against her

soldiers and brave sailors who risk their lives for the country's good.'

Mr Temple said,—

'I know nothing more than you do. I, too, witnessed the fight with Father Philip. He has gone to send help to the wounded, and I have come here, hoping I might find that your brother had come to a better mind and had returned. How is Mr Maxwell?'

'Utterly miserable,' said Gertrude. 'He moans and sighs, and now he remains in bed. I have just been to him, and he is sleeping, and I did not tell him what I had seen. Oh, how I wish Philip would come home. How unkind, how cruel it is of him. You must not go away. Do stay with me; you will be a comfort to my father. I feel so nervous now that I have seen that naval battle. I feel almost afraid to be alone again. And if Philip does come in, you will know best what to say to him, and I shall be spared the pain of reproaching him. After all he is only a boy, and he does not know better, only the consequences are so serious, that, perhaps, one is inclined to judge him too severely.'

Mr Temple agreed to remain, and did so. A servant who was sent down to his house for such things as he required, brought back the further news tolerably correct; so that before night Gertrude knew the worst, and had heard her brother was taken prisoner and slightly wounded. After the first shock, she

seemed almost relieved to know it, and she was glad to hear how little bloodshed there really had been. The knowledge that Brooke was safe aided her, for in her heart she knew she was daily in her thoughts more and more attached to him. Her admiration for his skill as a sailor, had that day aided the feeling. A woman must look up to the man she loves, if it be the real true love. It was a relief also to hear that all the wounded were taken up to the Hill Farm, and she desired at once to go and nurse her brother, but Mr Temple said,—

‘Your first duty is here. I am anxious to see Captain Latimer, and to-morrow I will see Philip, and I have no doubt I shall find him in a far different mood. Not because he will be afraid, but because his own good sense and better nature will have prevailed. I have no doubt that I shall find him altogether different in his view, and when he knows his father’s condition, if he has the heart I credit him with, he will be crushed to the earth with sorrow and remorse.’

Mr Temple advised that Mr Maxwell should not be told on that night, especially as they had after all only received the general report as the servant had gathered it. They were just retiring for the night when Captain Brooke, looking anxious and distressed, came in, and having greeted them both, said,—

‘I believe Mr Temple?’ as he bowed to the clergy-

man. He saluted Miss Maxwell in the same way, and added, 'Where is Mr Maxwell? I have some rather serious news for him.'

Mr Temple said,—

'We know your errand. Philip is among the prisoners, and he is wounded.'

'Yes,' said he, 'but very slightly, indeed so much so that he might have safely been sent to Everton. But for his father's sake and yours, I begged that might not be. I have been with him talking with him for some hours, and I find he has got odd notions, and even now does not seem sorry, or to feel his position. On the contrary, I am afraid at present he is priding himself upon taking the part of a man.'

The anxiety and trouble that had been suffered at Holly Bank was then of course related, and also the condition of Mr Maxwell. A long consultation took place between them as to the best way and time to tell Mr Maxwell the real facts. And after much discussion it was agreed that Brooke should do this in the morning, as his view of the matter as an officer would have the most influence if he could make Mr Maxwell understand that he did not after all regard the matter, as if a man had taken such a part, in Philip's position of life. He told them afterwards that he had seen his own vessel safely moored before he came on shore, that his own wounded men had been attended to, that there was a regimental doctor

with the soldiers, who had pronounced Philip's wound to be only a sharp gash from a bayonet, and that there was no feverishness and no bad symptoms. As Brooke passed to his room he heard a voice moaning, which he knew to be the afflicted father's, and even his cheerful temperament felt a gloom when he remembered more sorrow was to come to the formerly jovial squire of Holly Bank.





CHAPTER XXVI.

THE next day Mr Maxwell was more cheerful, but although he dressed himself he did not leave his room. It was therefore decided by the three that Brooke should see him, and tell him the schooner was taken and all brought to a successful close without such serious consequences as might have been anticipated. He listened and was much interested, and heard the account of the battle to a close, as far as the account of the successful attack of the boats. A load seemed lifted from Mr Maxwell's mind, and he said,—

‘Thank God, my dear boy kept out of it after all. I was sure he would. It would have been so dreadful to see him in arms against his country, and then perhaps—’

And he failed to finish his sentence, and sighed, but it was partly a sigh of relief. He then rallied himself and said, ‘But how about the wounded, and what have they done with all the prisoners?’

Brooke saw that he must now tell all, so he said, 'I must tell you the rest. The smugglers retreated after my fellows and the coastguard men had driven them off the sands. It was high water, and the boats could go close up. Well, they retreated rather in disorder, and were cut off by the soldiers, who met them suddenly at right angles to the little street, and who charged and who took them all. There were none seriously hurt on either side. I am, however, much greived to add your son was taken with arms and acting as one of the leaders.'

He had no sooner said these words than poor Mr Maxwell tottered to his seat and fell. Brooke lifted him, and got him upon his bed. He seemed for hours in a stupor. The three watched over him. The doctor applied the usual remedies and whispered to Brooke, 'I fear for the brain, if he does come round. The shock has been too much for him. If he rallies at all, it will break his heart, I am afraid.'

Brooke, however, took a more sanguine view. The stupor lasted the whole day, but in the night Mr Maxwell began to show signs of animation. He asked for water and took a little food, and afterwards had a good sleep. But when he at last awoke it was but too evident the mind was deranged. When he saw Brooke he said, 'Ah! ah! we have beaten them: down with the smugglers. Well done, brave soldiers and sailors. My Philip led them on. Ah,

I always said he would make a sailor—just such another as Brooke. I am so glad I let him go with him. It has made a man of him.'

He then turned to Brooke and said, 'My dear boy, I am a foolish old man. I took you for some one else. How you are grown since you went to sea. He' then turned to Gertrude and said, 'Who is that,—have you got a wife too? Oh, bless my soul, my Philip married! Well, she's a canny lass, and she's right welcome. I am sure Gerty will take to her,—she's just such another. What is she crying for, Philip? I hope you are kind to her. 'Women are gentle creatures, Phil, and mustn't be abused. And when you have sons, Phil, teach them to love their father. To be what you have been—a good son, a good son who never gave me pain. Why do you look at me? Is it not time to get up? What am I lying here for? Let us go into the garden. I think the air smells sweet. When you are very happy, you know, all seems pleasant. I have had a dream; it was a dreadful one. Why do we dream? I do not like dreaming. I suppose my dream has made my head ache. I don't feel quite well, and perhaps I had better stay here a little while. Go now, my dear boy, and leave me, take your wife too and show her over all the old place,—the old stables too, where you used to do carpentering when a lad only. What did I dream about the stables?'

Brooke led Gertrude out, and she cried piteously when in another room, saying,—

‘Oh, is not this dreadful! I would rather have anything but this.’

‘If we keep him quiet,’ said Brooke, ‘he will rally, and besides now I hope in a very short time we may be able to bail Philip out of custody, and I have a plan, which is that I will take him with me if he will join the service. He will become an excellent officer. I am sure he has all the making of it in him, and so this day-dream of his father’s present injured mind may yet come true.’

Mr Temple remained with her, while Brooke returned, having said,—

‘I think it will do no harm to let him see me, while he fancies I am Philip grown up. I think I had better be the chief nurse.’

And so he was for several days, until the fancies of the poor sufferer took another turn. He said suddenly,—

‘They are going to hang him to-day. He well deserves it. I was in the court and heard the trial. He was proved guilty, and no wonder. He was the very backbone of the whole concern. It is curious now I cannot remember the man’s name. I shall forget my own name next. I am to have a good place as a magistrate. I have a right to be present. Poor fellow, I wonder whether he has a wife, or an old father now, who loves him, who is wrapped up in

him, as I am in my Philip. Let me see "Philip," why that was the name the judge said. "Philip Maxwell, you have been found guilty." Philip Maxwell, what, my son! Oh, I know now, it is all true ;' and he gave a piercing but hoarse shriek, and fell back on his pillow as if dead.

Many days passed after this, and Mr Temple and Brooke were there as much as possible. Mary came too, every day, and aided in comforting and nursing. In the meantime other events had occurred elsewhere which must now be recorded.

Dingrose and Anty arrived at Troutbeck in the evening of the day of the battle. The women were weeping in the houses at Troutbeck, and from them, for the men were all gone, they heard the particulars ; not however without many exaggerations and false conjectures. According to these accounts many were seriously injured and some were likely to die. Dingrose and Anty determined to go at once to Sandpit and hear more, and they went to the parsonage, but as we know did not find Mr Temple. The men who were in the village were in a sullen mood, and would scarcely reply to inquiries. At last from one well known to Dingrose who had never taken any part in the smuggling, they heard the accurate and complete story. And having done so, they returned for the night to Troutbeck, Dingrose saying he wanted to think about what was to be done next. The next morning found him ready with his plans. He deter-

mined to give himself up as the real leader. He said,—

‘These chaps would never have been kept together or showed fight if I had not taught them. I could not fight against the young master. But I ought to be punished. I have kept up the smuggling really, and I ought to be punished. The others have never done half what I did. Of course they could not but go on, when I left them. I should have done the same. I shall go to Everton and give myself up; will you come too, Anty? It will be company like. And you can come back again, and try and do something to do some good, which I should have done if I had stayed; so come along, Anty. I must go round by the cottage, though, to take things to mother. Her dream will come true if you go with me. There will be another with me, but not as she said.’

Anty acquiesced; he would willingly have given himself up to the authorities if Dingrose had thought it right, so implicit was his faith in his friend’s judgment. When they came to the cottage a very slight glance told them that a rumour had reached them of these important events. His mother said she had heard the guns, and the master had just come in and said the lieutenant of the coastguard had told him a smuggler was taken and all the smugglers dispersed.

‘I am sae glad, my lad, ye never took up with they folks, but lived quietly at home, at your farm, or whatever it is you do for a living.’

‘Mother,’ he answered, ‘ye are wrong. I have been in with them, but I am not now. I gave it up and went away, and why do you think I did that?’

‘I don’t know, bairn, how should I?’

‘They sent down t’ soldiers and they have been here some time, and who do you think was captain of the soldiers? You’ll never guess. I did not find it out for a long time, but I knew it when I warr here the last time. Do you remember, mother, ye told me ye had a dream, and that ye had seen a ghost? That young man as slept here, just afore the last run I had to do with, and I tell ye I see him next day on the hill—he was a-watching the schooner. Well, I did not know as he was head over soldiers, and I lent him my galloway to gang away to Mas-singberd, and then afterwards when we found out who he warr we took he, but that’s nowt with what I have got to tell ye. You remember Bridget? Well, she’s many a year been living in a cottage near a cave as t’ smugglers used, and the captain was there, and she see’d him. But she never found out who he warr then. Well, then, there was another soldier there, a sergeant chap, and she begins telling he stories about t’ ould family, and all of a sudden she says—and I was a-sitting by—“If t’ young lord had had a son, he would have been just sike another as your captain.” This she says to the sergeant, ye see. And this sets me a-thinking, and I see the likeness, and she tells me there was a son born, and then

we talks a long time, and at last we feels sure as we have found the young heir, and that he was the captain of these soldiers sent down to put down smuggling.'

'I knew it, I felt it, and ahs'e sure, too,' cried his mother; 'but I did not know there was a son. God be thanked my een have seen this day!'

'But we mon't tell the maaster, he could not bear it,' said Dingrose.

'No, no,' almost shrieked his mother, 'any one but he.'

Her son then told her all Mr Temple had been to Latimer, and how he had educated him as his son, to make what return he could for being the cause of his father's death. The old woman on hearing this loaded Mr Temple's name with blessings, and said,—

'Ah, bairn, there's a God abune us, I allays say. He watches over the afflicted. He sits abune the waterfloods, as the Buke says somewheres.'

Leaving the cottage, Dingrose and Anty made their way in the most direct line for Lingwood, intending from there to follow the high road to Everton. On the second day they reached Lingwood, and Dingrose inquired for Simon Sample's house. They found him sitting over the fire, just as he had done when Pardox spent the evening with him. He was exceedingly surprised to see Dingrose. He knew Anty also.

'What's oop now, mates?' he said. 'Coom in, ye're welcome.'

'We want to sleep here, Simon,' said Dingrose; 'we are ganging to Everton.' He then gave a clear account of what had happened, but of his reasons for leaving the smugglers he said nothing.

'Sample isn't to be trusted like,' he said the next day to Anty while they walked to Everton.

'To think of that Pardox,' said Sample, 'I see him go through here; I never see a chap so down in all my life, but I kept out of sight, ye see. It would not do to let soldiers think as I was a friend of him. He did awful bad to be sure. Well, he allays warr an old one. I thought there warn't much in his convarision and his being quite a changed man and enlightened like. What do you think they have done to him? Will they hang he? It warr bad to try to pison t' bugler lad, though. That couldn't be right noways. But what are you ganging for, to give evidence agin some of the old hands? Surely you won't do that, Jock?'

'I am going,' said Dingrose, 'to give myself up. I was the leader, and though I was obliged to leave the men for good reasons, I feel I ought to be punished if they is, and punished worse than all.'

'Well, Jock,' said Sample, 'you do beat me now. I never heard sike a thing in all my life. Why, man, you had left whole concern and were twenty mile away, and told 'em sae, and Tim, too, over in

furran parts, and yet ye are ganging to Everton to gie yoursel up. There's no sense in it.'

'Perhaps not,' said Dingrose, 'but I am going to do it.'

When Dingrose and Anty reached Everton they parted at the gates, and asking to see the governor of the castle, Dingrose told him he wanted to give himself up to be tried with the rest, for that he was the leader of the smugglers who had just been, as he supposed, brought in from Hillsland. The governor was exceedingly astonished at this novel request, but thought it best to detain him and keep him comfortably in a private room until he made inquiries and had consulted the visiting justices. Dingrose seemed pleased at being admitted.

'It does not matter now what becomes of me. The young master will come to his own, and I have not lifted my hand agin the ould family. There's an end of smuggling too. Weel let it be. I can sleep quietly, though I am in Everton Castle. I sha'n't see t' ould place agin for many a year. We shall all be transported no doubt. I shall never see my old mother agin, but her heart will be singing noo, because the young heir will soon put all straight and give folks plenty of wark, and what matters what happens to Jock Dingrose if he has tried to do what's right since he seed the other line warr wrong.'



CHAPTER XXVII.

WHEN the senior sergeant had returned with the rest of his companions to the Hill Farm, and all arrangements had been made for the safe guarding of the wounded prisoners, Latimer called him into his room to learn if he knew anything more from old Bridget. And he was able to say,—

‘Your father, sir, was the son of a Lord Marshalsea, not the present lord, and your father was called Lord Darske. He was killed in some way, but I could not find out any more.’

When he was alone Latimer fell into a train of thoughts. ‘How strange and remarkable it is that I should have made the discovery of my birth by coming here on this employment, happily brought to a close with less evils than might have been anticipated. So I was in the home of my ancestors in Medlicott Castle, and Mary Carfax must be my cousin. The present lord will therefore be my great uncle, unless through a belief in the death of the heir in direct descent it

has passed to a more distant relative. Why was Father Philip so unwilling to give me this information? How could it possibly affect the question of putting down the smuggling. But if I am the heir—' he paused in his soliloquy. 'I see it now. It was well meant and kind. He wanted me not to know my parentage before this late encounter with the smugglers, that I might be free from the imputation of knowingly making war upon the tenants and retainers of the estate. And so that worthy Dingrose is my father's foster-brother, and has, for the sake of his attachment to the family, put himself in a position to be accused as a coward and a traitor by his late companions. How noble and disinterested of such a man! The good priest, too, has shown himself to be a true friend, but I can see now why he was so anxious I should look favourably upon his form of religion. If the estate eventually devolves upon me, he was anxious I should hold the same opinions as I suppose my forefathers did; and hence his anxiety to retain me so long in the castle.' He was interrupted in further meditations on this subject, which made him feel so joyous and happy. It was not that he desired any great position, but he longed to have relatives to love and regard. While at the same time the kind of blight being now removed, which was put on his existence by the position in which he had stood, not knowing even his earthly benefactor, who so mysteriously kept himself out of sight, and having been in

ignorance of his parentage, and even his lawful name ; he experienced a keen and deep sense of relief to his spirits, as can well be imagined and understood. The rest of the day was passed by Latimer with Brooke, who came up as we know, and they consulted together about Philip, and what hopes there were of saving him from serious and disgraceful punishment incurred by being allied to the smugglers, and taken in open arms against the Government.

The next day, being the same in which Brooke told Mr Maxwell himself the sad news, Latimer rose in the most joyous mood. The men thought he was rejoiced because the matter of the attack on the smugglers was brought to so successful an issue. They remarked to each other on the Captain's cheerfulness and happy looks. And the senior sergeant told them that their leader had learnt some happy news, and told what he knew. The news went quickly round the little company of soldiers, and some of them proposed that two or three should go as spokesmen for the rest to congratulate their Captain on what they supposed was the having come into a great fortune. This was accordingly done, and Latimer was much touched with these men's sympathy. He said, 'You may depend upon it I shall not leave my profession, whatever name I may bear or whatever fortune may come to me.' He then ordered them all some little extra indulgences and promoted some amusements among them. Some of the strict rules about guarding could now be relaxed

as there was no fear of attack from the smugglers, and the few wounded men could be easily kept under supervision. Several days passed by and neither Brooke appeared again, nor did Mr Temple carry out his intention of seeing Latimer, as he remained as much as possible at Holly Bank. At length Brooke returned, having heard from the men as he came in something of the discovery of Latimer's parentage.

'What is this, old fellow?' said he as he entered. 'The men say you are somebody else—a great man's grandson here or somewhere, and that you are a lord, or ought to be. What does it all mean?'

'I know little more than you have now told me,' said Latimer, laughing; 'but I suppose I shall soon know all from Father Philip or from Dingrose.'

'What has Dingrose to do with it?'

'Why, he was the leader, you know, but he left the smugglers, because, as it appears, he is my father's foster-brother.'

'What a trump!' said Brooke. 'I wish I could find out I am somebody too—not that I wish to disown my dear old father; only, perhaps, while you are making out the case for yourself, you will bear in mind that you know a very deserving young man in want of a fortune, and who has no objections to a title if there is anything to support it; but I am cordially and heartily delighted.'

He then told Latimer of the unfortunate condition of poor Mr Maxwell, and said he was also come to

acquaint Philip with the disastrous consequences of his conduct.

Latimer replied, 'He has already come to his senses, and has been asking me if I knew anything about his father and sister, and how they had received the news of his capture. We had better go and see him together.'

Poor Philip seemed utterly crushed by the information. His cry was, 'I have killed my father! I am sure he will never recover! What a wretch I have been! He was always so kind to me and Gerty too.'

The two men cheered the poor lad as much as possible, saying, 'It is most serious, and so is your own position, but we hope to be able to represent the case so as to show that you were influenced by the general view of the matter, smuggling being so little regarded in the district as a crime, and then that you were further influenced by mistaken notions, as a youth might easily be. If you have to suffer punishment you will bear it bravely, we know. The greatest punishment will be your poor father's suffering.'

Brooke added, 'I shall ask for you to be allowed to go to sea with me, and have great hopes this may be managed if Latimer or Lovelace, or whatever we are to call him, and I give a sort of guarantee for your good behaviour. I think we may pull you out of part of the mess, at all events. It has made me cry like a child to hear your father's rambling talk.

He fancies sometimes that I am Philip, grown up ; and your poor sister is so hopelessly miserable. She has had an angel with her in that Miss Carfax ; and Mr Temple has done more than all of us in comforting her. I am a poor hand at that, but I have been of some use in the nursing, because, you see, the dear old man fancies I am his son grown up. He has had worse fancies than that, and for days we thought he would die. He has come round again, however, and now we hope he will recover, if we can only remove the delusions. Cheer up, my poor lad ! You are fearfully punished, and will always be in remembrance of this trouble to your people. But I shall go and tell your sister how bitterly you regret your conduct, and that will, I know, be some comfort.'

'I have been a fool, a mad fool, and I deserve every disgrace and punishment,' said he.

'No, not quite so bad as that ; it may all come right again.'

Latimer added some words in the same tenor, and the lad seemed much touched that no words of reproach came from either of them. He said,—

'God bless you both, I will be worthy of your kindness yet.'

When Brooke returned to Holly Bank, he burst into the room in his usual impetuous way, saying, 'I have seen poor Philip ; he is miserable, but so full of sorrow for his conduct that I could not utter a word of reproach. My friend Latimer went with

me. I have found a new friend in him. He has somehow made a most extraordinary discovery that he is the son of Lord Darske, the late Lord Marshalsea's son, and that man Dingrose is a real good fellow. He actually left the smugglers before the last business, because he found out somehow who Frank Latimer was, and he was himself a kind of foster-brother to Lord Darske.' Mary Carfax and Mr Temple were both in the room when this was said. Mary immediately said,—

'I am so glad I may speak out now. I was under promise to Father Philip not to mention this. I knew you were aware of it, sir,' she said, looking at Mr Temple.

'Yes, my child,' he added, 'I have good reason to know it. It was by my hand that his father fell,' and he then told the whole story, and also his own connection with Latimer in having educated him and brought him up. Mary laughed and cried almost at the same moment, and told of all her trouble and distress in her visit to Mr Temple and Holly Bank. The incident was of great service to Gertrude in bringing her for a little while to a most interesting subject. Mr Temple said quietly,—

'I am deeply thankful to find my adopted son to be so noble a man. I must see him to-morrow. I have been longing to do so for many days, I have more to tell him yet. He does not know, you see, whose hand took his father's life, nor does he know

who is his benefactor, and there is yet a third matter which I must tell him. And that, my dear friends, I will not tell you to-day, if you will forgive my reticence.

A general conversation followed on the subject in all its bearings and consequences, and to add to the pleasure, news was brought to the room that Mr Maxwell seemed better, and was talking quite rationally.

‘You must go up now with Miss Maxwell, Mr Temple,’ said Brooke, ‘you will best know how to comfort him. He will be wanting to get up to entertain me, as he will no longer fancy I am Philip grown up.’

They found Mr Maxwell calmly resting on his bed, and he said,—

‘My child, my foolish head has been wandering, but I know now what has happened to my poor boy. He is but a lad ; they cannot punish him very severely.’

Mr Temple then quietly comforted him, told him of Philip’s distress and love. The old man cried, but they were happy tears. ‘My boy is my own again.’

Mr Temple gave him much comfort by suggesting Brooke’s scheme of taking Philip to sea. He afterwards saw both Brooke and Mary, and was so much cheered by all the sympathy and the lenient view they all took of Philip’s conduct that he said,—

‘It is the curse of the neighbourhood, and we have

all made too light of it—drank the brandy, bought the 'kerchiefs and the tea and tobacco. But I must not talk now ; I must go to sleep and rest.'

Joy and laughter seemed to be coming back to the happy dwelling. A pleasant evening was passed by the four. The next day found Mr Maxwell further improved. He left his bed and was dressed, and had a conversation of some length with Brooke about the prospect of his son.

'I don't want him to escape the punishment he ought to suffer, unless these other men are dealt with in the same way. It would be a shame that they should suffer if my son escapes.'

'That is a good idea,' said Brooke. 'I think that might be managed. They might all be made to join the navy—at least, offered it as an alternative. We will see what we can do. Latimer will now be a great help, if he turns out to be Lord Darske's son ; but I beg your pardon, sir, I am telling you what you do not understand. I will not trouble you with it now.'

'Oh, if I can be spared the disgrace of seeing my son in a court of justice, to be tried for such a crime, I shall not mind the pain it has given me. Perhaps I am myself more to blame than I have thought. My boy was silent and did not talk to me freely, but I was silent to him, and did not, perhaps, win his confidence. I may have been impatient and may have expected him to do as I wished without

fully explaining my reasons. I have not lost my boy, and he shall know more of his father's love for the future than he knew before. If your plan only succeeds I should not like it done as a favour by the Government, but as a lenient act which would please the whole neighbourhood. I mean if all the captured smugglers went to sea as well for a few years.'





CHAPTER XXVIII.

THERE were about eight wounded men belonging to the smugglers' party, including Philip Maxwell. Latimer had been into Massingberd to see the magistrates, and to confer with them as to what had better be done about the prisoners, and especially about young Maxwell. Mr Pace said,—

‘This is a most serious feature in the matter. We cannot make distinctions. You and your friend have put down smuggling most effectually. If we could hit upon some plan so that we could recommend the Government to pursue lenient measures, it would have a most excellent effect ; but I do not see how it can be done. These men are taken in open arms, opposing lawful authority, and while in the pursuit of an illegal traffic, and they are aided and abetted by this young gentleman, who acts as a leader among them. That is the plain law of the matter, and it looks bad. But the plain sense is not so bad. These men are engaged in doing that which the whole dis-

strict has encouraged them to do. They are Englishmen, and they show fight. Well, if they did not we should be ashamed of them. They don't seem to have acted with their usual foresight. Jock Dingrose seems to have lost his cunning for once.'

'He was not there ; he had left them before,' remarked Latimer quietly. A public meeting was not the place for further explanations.

'That quite accounts for all your success. I told you Dingrose was the very backbone.'

'I have reason to believe he was influenced by high motives,' said Latimer.

'Umph,' said Mr Pace ; 'he has shown his sense in deserting a sinking ship.'

'Another day I shall be able to convince you that he was influenced by no such selfish considerations. I can raise him when the proper time comes high in your opinion.'

'Well, well, I dare say. By the way, I have a letter from Everton.' He opened it, and then said, 'This is strange. Jock Dingrose has actually given himself up as a prisoner, because he says he ought to be punished with the rest, although for particular reasons he was obliged to give up being leader. That is the most wonderful thing I ever heard in my life. Why, Captain Latimer, you must have some mysterious power over men. How you have detached this man, I cannot imagine ; but I am quite sure it is by fair and honourable means.'

‘It was entirely his own doing,’ said Latimer.

‘I rejoice, my dear sir. I beg to congratulate you on your remarkable success. It is a relief to my mind, I can assure you,’ said the clergyman. ‘I agree with my excellent friend, Lawyer Pace, that if lenient measures could be advised, it would be most beneficial in restoring peace and quiet in the neighbourhood, and inducing the farmers and others to settle down now to legitimate sources of wealth.’

It was agreed that three of the magistrates should go to London, the Lord of the Manor, Mr Pace, and the clergyman, and represent the advisability of the adoption of as lenient measures as were consistent with proper justice and the good of the country. They were also to inquire whether the wounded prisoners ought to be first brought up before the bench at Massingberd. They were also to give a full account of the state of the district, and show that good would certainly arise if the smugglers were not severely punished. And the case of young Maxwell was to be represented by them in the most favourable light.

This interview with the magistrates occurred some days before Brooke’s second arrival at Holly Bank. On the day after Latimer was walking in the woods towards Sandpit, musing on all that had occurred, when he suddenly met Mr Temple. Both started, and Latimer spoke first, saying,—

‘I owe you an apology, sir, for troubling you as a perfect stranger about my capture.’

‘Not a stranger, my dear Frank, when you know all. I believe you know now something of your parentage. I will tell you more. Your father was one beloved by all; he had a special friend about his own age. His name was Arthur. They loved each other as brothers. Your father, Lord Darske, had formed an attachment and secretly married an admirable young lady. The other, Arthur, was ignorant of this, and paid some natural attentions to the lady. This roused the jealousy of her husband, a foolish quarrel ending most lamentably followed,—your father died by his friend’s hand. As he died he told the secret of his marriage. You can imagine the bitterness of his friend’s remorse. The friend charged himself with your care. The grandfather was for a time deranged by the shock of the fearful occurrence.’

Latimer was much moved, as can well be supposed, and said,—

‘Who is my kind benefactor, sir? Where is he? Surely now at least I may know his name?’

Mr Temple stood up and said, ‘Frank Lovelace, you are my adopted son,’ and he solemnly kissed him on the forehead. Both men shed tears and for many minutes neither could speak. At length Mr Temple said,—

‘Let us sit down. I have more to tell you. I

rejoice that my care and all I may have done has been repaid. I was drawn towards you the moment I saw you, I suppose I saw unconsciously the likeness to your dear father. I have guarded and supported his son's life, and now I can with comfort and less misery look back on the past. I have more to tell you yet. Your grandfather still lives. I was not aware of it until my brother told me. You have met him—Father Philip.'

At this Latimer expressed unfeigned surprise.

'Yes,' said Mr Temple, 'we are brothers, and love each other dearly. About twenty years ago your grandfather under his arrangement returned to this neighbourhood. He had recovered. He made a condition to his coming that he would not disturb his brother in the title and estates, for he was supposed to be dead, and the present lord thinks so to this day, and is not aware of your existence in the world. Your grandfather told George he had enough to live upon in a simple way, and that he needed only old Phœbe as a servant.'

'Then the cottage I slept in was my grandfather's, and he was my host on the first night of my arrival in this country,' said Lovelace, as now we must call him, suddenly starting to his feet. 'How strange and wonderful is the guarding of God's hand in our lives, and now I remember how the old servant muttered about a likeness when she looked at me, and lent me clothes which just fitted me.'

‘Your father’s clothes you wore, no doubt, and probably also at the castle.’

‘Can I go and see my grandfather?’

‘He knows nothing yet, I believe, and must be told with caution. It will be a pain to him to see me, but I think it may open up the train of thoughts and it will be a comfort to me, to have such a joy to give him after the suffering he has endured at my hands. Let us go together now. It is better so. Dingrose may have made known to his mother, who is Phoebe, that you are found.’

‘I see all now,’ said Lovelace, ‘and remember some words which fell from Dingrose at our very first interview. Mr Spenser he called my grandfather, and he said there was something about him he could not tell me. He also let me understand that the kind old woman was in some way connected with himself.

The two then walked on, and the happiness and joyful delight of both men can be well imagined. Every word, every exchange of thought or sentiment, drew them more closely together. Mr Temple said,—

‘I cannot remember since I was your age, or younger perhaps, having felt so happy. All the world looks beautiful. I have led a solitary life, but still not an unhappy one. I have gone but little from my village. My joy has been to hear of you and to watch your career. I suffered all the agonies of a

parent when you were in Spain. My faithful agent in London has performed his trust admirably. It was a pain to hear of your desire to know more ; but I felt it was best. I was sure the time would come when you would naturally be recognised in your own place and name, and it has come.'

'I shall never repay half your kindness, but I will do my best,' said his adopted son. 'I must not leave the army, however, and be an idle man.'

'So far as I am concerned, you shall do as your conscience directs,' replied his companion.

They now came near the cottage, and Mr Temple said,—

'I had better go forward. You remain very near, but out of sight, until I call you.'

Frank could not but contrast his present thoughts with those of the night of his former visit to the cottage. After waiting four or five minutes Mr Temple appeared again and called Lovelace. When they met he said,—

'The master is out, Phœbe says, but she has been most affectionate towards me for the part I have had on your account, and the dear devoted old creature is longing to see you. I think very likely she will have a very indistinct notion as to whether you are yourself or your father.'

So soon as he entered Phœbe threw her arms over him and kissed his face all over, exclaiming, half in laughter while she wept,—

‘My bairn—my ain bairn ! Oh, that ah’ve lived to see this blessed day ! Where have you been this long time, my honey ? I thought long of your coming. Ah, what an old fule ah is ! I mind noo. It ben’t ye ; it be your son. Well, it’s all the same. The auld tree will grow still in the land. I kenned ye when ye coom here that night, and I lent ye clothes. God bless that gude man there, as has doon all for ye ! He has changed my hate into love. Forgive as ye be forgiven—I could not say that ; I could na’ get over that awful trouble. One abune knows best. He suffers us to be troubled, to be humbled, and larn we are nowt but His cratures. The master is doon under cliff with offisher man. Gang away, and tak’ my lad with ye, and show him to his feyther. Oh, what joy ! Gang away. I must get summat mensful against ye coom back, for ye’ll be hoongry, I tak’ it ; ye must have coom a lang way.’ She kissed them both again and again, and they returned all her expressions of love and affection.

‘I am hardly ready for the next scene,’ said Lovelace, as they walked to the sands. ‘This one has so unmanned me ; and yet what a pure joy it is. No wonder Dingrose is the man he is, with such a mother.’

‘These are some of the few blissful moments of life, when human nature shows its best side,’ said Mr Temple. ‘My cup is nearly full to-day, and presently

it will be so. I see,' he said, 'those we are seeking. The taller man is your grandfather. How upright he walks. His natural force is not abated. I will go forward while you linger behind. He will hardly remember me at first, and so I can gradually lead him on. But I shall begin at the end of the story, as he will be reconciled to me when he knows all. He went forward, and taking off his hat, bowed to Lord Marshalsea and said,—

'Can I speak a few words privately with you.'

The old man started and scanned Mr Temple's face closely, but did not seem to recognise him.

'I am going to ask your pardon for speaking of painful memories, but I have present joys to bring you out of them.'

'You speak in riddles, my good sir. What is the import of your words?'

'Did you know your son left a son, or rather a son was born to him after his death.'

The old man turned pale, and said, 'Do not trifle with me; in the name of God tell me all.'

Mr Temple then told the story of the birth, the education of the child by the man whose hand unwillingly took the father's life. The old man listened calmly, and then said,—

'Well, sir, and what is your object in telling me all this? How can I believe it to be true?'

'I am the unhappy Arthur Temple.'

'God be praised then. I believe it. You have

done the part of a Christian man. You more than made amends, but I forgave you many years ago. I knew my poor Arthur's impetuous spirit. That was what caused that secret marriage. I had no objection to Clara, but I thought them young, and there were a few other reasons. I have lived here in solitude and contentment for many years. I would not have my brother disturbed. He believes me dead. I am to the world. I have had one kind companion in that excellent man you found me with, who is talking now to your friend; and I have had Phœbe,—you remember Phœbe,—and her honest son has helped me to my little purchases. I want nothing, I have books. I have the glorious sea. I hear and see God's hand, and I listen to His deep teachings. I shall be glad to rest my head for the last time soon on my pillow. I cannot go forth again for the sake of this grandson. It will be a pain as well as a joy to see him. You may bring him in a few days and then I shall be prepared. God bless you, Arthur Temple. I would now be alone again, or rejoin my friend.'

'Can you bear to hear a little more?'

He then told him how well Lovelace had acted in life, and that he had been sent to put down the smuggling, which he had effectually done.

'He came one stormy night,' he went on to say, 'and sought shelter in a gentleman's house and spent the night.'

‘ Ah,’ said his companion. ‘ Then I have seen him. I remember that I dreamt that my poor Arthur had come back, I saw him stand at the foot of the bed, and he had a child in his hand and he pointed to it and smiled. How strange, that dream had passed away from me until now.’

‘ He knows,’ said Mr Temple, ‘ now of his parentage, and desires to be acknowledged by you.’

Lord Marshalsea put his hand to his head, and said, ‘ Not yet. But who is that who was with you ; that cannot be my Arthur’s son ?’

Mr Temple here waved his arm to Frank, who running up fell into his grandfather’s arms. The old man gave vent to all the long pent-up feelings of affection, and clasping Frank’s face between his hands said,—

‘ What do they call you ?’

‘ Frank,’ said Mr Temple.

‘ I like the name.’ He then said slowly, ‘ Arthur’s face and more. God bless you my son,—my son’s son. The wound in my heart is healed. God is very gracious and good.’ He then said to Mr Temple, ‘ Leave us together awhile,’ and leaning on his grandson’s arm they walked away and were in close conversation for half-an-hour. At last the old man said,—

‘ Now, my new-found treasure, I would be alone a little while. Wait at a little distance with Arthur Temple, and my kind companion and his dog,

and then we will all go up to my little cottage. Frank joined Mr Temple and the officer. They talked, of course, about the noble old man, and the coastguard officer was eloquent on the subject of what he had himself learnt from his lips. They watched him, and saw him pacing backwards and forwards, then they saw him stand and bare his head as if in prayer. At last he sat down on a rock, then suddenly he seemed to fall a little forward, but still in a sitting posture, and so remained. Mr Temple said, 'There is something the matter,' and Frank darted forward, and just as he reached him he heard him utter the words, 'Happy, happy, and content.' There was a smile on his face, a calm serene peace, but the spirit had fled, and when they laid him gently down they saw that on the sands he had traced the same words.

Frank knew instantly that life was quite extinct. Mr Temple was the first to recover himself, and he said,—

'It is better so. What could we wish for more? He has died happy,—he has seen and embraced his grandson.'

They were then meditating what to do when a man came running down the cliff. It was Dingrose, who heard from his mother of her visitors, and was hoping to see the joyful meeting, but feared he was too late. He rushed up to Lovelace, and kissed his hand again and again, saying,—

‘I am sae glad Jock Dingrose hasn’t gone agin t’ould family.’

‘God bless you, John, you are a noble fellow,’ said Frank. ‘You have outshone us all in your conduct.’ And he shook him heartily by the hand. But my grandfather is gone. The sudden joy has made him so content to die that the spirit is gone. We must carry him up.’ And they did so, those four men, Lovelace and Dingrose at the head, the latter crying out loud with ejaculations of joy and thankfulness, intermixed with tears. When they came near the cottage Dingrose said to Mr Temple, ‘Ye must gang away and break the sorrowful news to my mother, or she’ll gang stark mad when she hears on’t. We can wait five minutes or sae.’ Temple did so, and to his great surprise the old woman received the news quietly.

‘Ah’s’e jealous now that it would be too much for him. God’s will be dune.’

But then she burst out into a lamentation and rocked herself in the chair as Lovelace had seen her do, saying, My dear old maaster, what shall I do noo? It’s time for me to die and all.’

Her grief was increased when they arrived with their precious burden. Dingrose immediately agreed to remain for the night. With heavy but joyful hearts, Temple and Lovelace returned to the Hill Farm, for Frank said, ‘I cannot lose my father and grandfather too in one day, when I have only just found them.’

They talked till a late hour as to what should be done and how far they should make the matter publicly known. Mr Temple sent a note to his brother asking him to come up to the farm in the morning on urgent business.





CHAPTER XXIX.

FATHER PHILIP appeared in the morning in his usual calm and thoughtful mood. He said to Lovelace after he had saluted his brother, 'I see you know all. It was better you should not know before. Have you seen your grandfather? I heard you were seen together yesterday walking in that direction.'

Mr Temple then told his brother the whole of yesterday's scene, and further added, 'And it is especially about this we want to consult you. The rank of the recluse must now be made known to the world, and he should be buried in the tomb of his fathers. But this entails telling the present lord abruptly, and requires your management and care.'

'The present lord is in this room,' replied his brother.

'No,' said Frank, 'while my uncle lives I shall not assume the title or seek the estates. He is in possession under the impression that he was the heir.

If I displace him, it will appear to the world as though he had held the property unjustly and had been keeping my grandfather out of his rights. Whereas if we all go on as we are it is a family arrangement. My grandfather did not wish to take the title from his brother. I do not either. If he gives it up, I shall take no steps whatever to assume it or take possession, nor shall I allow anyone else to act for me in the matter. I can see too many advantages in this arrangement for the peace and quiet of the district. I should not, I could not be cordially received just after this smuggling encounter. My uncle will, I am sure, carry out any plans I might suggest, and his house would be my home, when I am not with this dear father,' and he shook hands with Mr Temple. 'I don't want to leave the army, and I confess I have an ambition to be known under my proper name of Lovelace. This being so, if you can go at once and see my uncle and arrange with him, my grandfather's body can be brought to the castle to-night. I will at once go to Massingberd and make all arrangements. But you must assure my uncle that I am most perfectly determined to pursue this course. I have thought the matter over in every point. I have not been to bed, and this is my resolve. Any other course would almost raise a scandal.'

'Catholic or Protestant, Frank,' said Father Philip, 'titled or untitled, you are a noble fellow, and you

are right, and I think I can persuade your uncle to see the matter in the same light.'

Mr Temple seemed too much moved by Frank's self-denying conduct to say a word. He wrung his hand, and looked at him with eyes full of admiration and affection. They then made further arrangements. Just before Frank was starting for Massingberd, and Father Philip for the castle, a letter was brought to Frank. It was an official letter from the Government, and stated that if the wounded and other prisoners at Everton in the late encounter would all take service in the Royal Navy for three years no further proceedings would be taken against them. The letter added, that this decision had been arrived at in consequence of the representations of the local magistrates and Captain Brooke. The news was received with great joy at the Hill Farm. Poor Philip heard it as if he had been reprimed from a much more serious punishment than could possibly have come to him from his late conduct. The soldiers rejoiced as much as the prisoners themselves. The men at the Hill Farm were all young, and some of them said they doubted whether the older men, Frank Just, Jack Harford, and Sam Brack, would be willing to go to sea. On hearing this, Lovelace told them to write to Everton and say that unless all agreed, young Maxwell and all would have to be tried, and probably imprisoned for two years. The men said they were sure their mates

would not let the young squire suffer after he had stuck to them so nobly. Mr Temple took this news to Holly Bank, and the joy it brought there can be easily imagined. He was to bring Brooke on to the castle and join Lovelace there, allowing time for the interview between the uncle and nephew.

Another letter had told Frank that he was promoted to be brevet major for his late service, and that Brooke was made a post-captain. Taking one servant with him, Lovelace went to Massingberd. He made arrangements for the removal of the body, and then slowly rode to the castle. His heart was very full. He entered by the lodge gates he had passed through before on the day of his race with the smuggling farmers, and on seeing him, the lodge-keeper looked much ashamed of himself. Frank said kindly,—

‘Never mind, that is all over now ; there will be no more smuggling, I shall not remember what you did.’

The man was so surprised that he could make no answer to express his thanks. As Frank was just entering the house, his cousin Mary called him into a room, and said,—

‘My dear cousin Frank, I must be the first to welcome you to your home. Will you think me very rude and unlady-like if I ask you to give me a brother’s kiss.’

‘No, indeed, Mary, to have a sister will indeed be a new pleasure.’

He found Father Philip in the library, and the latter said, 'I have had some trouble, but I have succeeded. Mary settled the question just when it hung on the balance, and he was almost going to say no. He is much moved; he feels uneasy at having unjustly, as he says, held the property so long. And he reproaches me with having deceived him. And he further says that now he knows the truth, he ought not to stay a single day in possession. But we have overcome his arguments, and he is satisfied. Go into this room and you will find him; he is waiting for you.'

Lovelace went in, and remained with his uncle more than an hour. Then they both came out hand-in-hand, and the elder said,—

'Father Philip, you are right. I can love this boy as my own son. It will be a joy to me to hold the estates for him, to know one so worthy of our name will follow me. You and Mary will take of me as before, and I shall know new happiness in watching the career of my adopted son. His kindness and consideration of my feelings have touched me to the heart. Go now, my dear boy, and join your friends in the next room. I cannot see them to-day, and I will have all made ready to receive my dear brother's mortal remains.'

All this was done, and Phœbe was brought away to the castle also, as well as Dingrose. The lieutenant of the coastguard put one of his men to take care of

the cottage until the things could be removed. The delight of Dingrose when he heard of the arrangements about the property was intense, and he was equally rejoiced to know of the proposed offer of the Government to the prisoners. Frank found him of immense use in every matter, and so at length before evening the whole party arrived.

The whole village of Medicott was on the stir, for Father Philip had made it his business to make the matter thoroughly known. Lovelace remained at the castle until after the funeral. The astonishing news of the appearance of the old lord, his sudden death, and the still more astonishing appearance of the proper heir, who voluntarily renounced his right during his uncle's lifetime, formed a subject of conversation which swallowed up all others. The magistrates from Massingberd and all the country around for miles attended, and the poor widow in whose house Dingrose and Anty had spent the night, and whose sons had been influenced by her to withdraw from the smuggling, was not absent.

The uncle and the nephew in these days were constantly together. A new life seemed to have come to the retired nobleman. He took interest in everything, heard Frank's plans about what might be done to provide honest employment for many in the district. One of these plans was to place Dingrose on a farm with Anty as his partner. A half expression which fell from Dingrose that he would like this,

immediately made Frank anxious to see the matter so accomplished.

'Ye see, Master Frank,'—a name he had already adopted,—'they would not keep me in Everton Castle, because they said I was no more a prisoner than the governor hissell. Well, I was obliged to come back again. Anty took care of the house at Troutbeck while I was gang. He is a right down good 'un, is Anty, and I should like nothing better than to put our savings together and tak' a farm. Folks may say what do I know about farming? Weel, I should like to show 'em.'

Old Bridget chose to remain in her cottage, but another house was built not far from it. The cave was left open. Frank advised his uncle to show confidence in the men who still inhabited the district by not having it closed. After the funeral Frank returned to his men, and he had the satisfaction of hearing that all the prisoners had agreed to the terms offered.

Maxwell was released on his word of honour, and allowed to go home to see his father. The meeting at first gave both uneasiness, but by an effort the father broke through the constraint, and presently father and son were together as they had never been before in their lives. Brooke, who seemed to have fallen naturally into the position of one of the family, talked about the navy and his pleasure in being in command, as he shortly hoped, of a fine frigate. Mr

Maxwell still looked less hale, but all care and anxiety had left his face, and he told Gertrude he thought the trial would prove a blessing and make a man of Philip.

A short time after the soldiers left the Hill Farm, and the farmer was so handsomely paid that he hoped they would come again; for the men for amusement had often done a great deal of work at their leisure hours. Frank returned with his soldiers to Lingwood, and thence to Everton. He was shortly afterwards put on half-pay, and spent a year at the castle with his adopted father.

The whole district settled down much more quietly than could have been expected, but there were lurking evil effects, which Lovelace saw plainly would require much more than another generation to eradicate.

The object of Brooke's wishes was realised, and he received Philip on board his ship. He proved an excellent and daring officer, and very soon was rated on the ship's books as a junior lieutenant, in consideration of some special services.

In drawing our story to a close it may be well to add here the remaining history of the Maxwell family. At the end of three years the ship returned, as a matter of course, and as a further matter of course my gentle readers will assume Brooke and Gertrude were married. To have Brooke for a son-in-law was almost as great a pleasure to the old man as to have his own son a distinguished naval officer.

He only made one condition in assenting to the marriage, which was that Gertrude should not leave him. They therefore continued to reside with her father.

Philip went to sea again almost immediately. On his father's death, which happened about half-a-dozen years afterwards, Philip declared that he would not have the property. It should be sold, and the produce equally divided with his sister. He said,—

‘I should be miserable to be settled down here by myself.’

This was done, and Brooke and Gertrude removed to the neighbourhood of London, which was convenient for him, as he was often consulted by the Government, and at length became a Lord of the Admiralty. Through his influence the Lieutenant of the Coast Guard was placed in a comfortable position in the Trinity House, as Brooke had always maintained it was unfair that he should not have had some promotion for his part in the successful suppression of the smuggling trade. Holly Bank thus, as we have said, passed into other worthy hands, and Brooke and his wife accepted Philip's generosity. Their little ones looked forward to no pleasure more than the arrival of Captain Maxwell.

Dingrose and Anty prospered on their farm. The roan pony flourished also, and so did Wellesley.

Frank rejoined the army for active service, and in his absence Temple, Brooke, and Dingrose were his

lieutenants. Lord Marshalsea always consulted them. When Frank returned at the peace of 1814, he was commanding his regiment, and great were the rejoicings at the return of Colonel Lovelace. Mary and Frank were together in thought and feeling in all subjects except one. After a few attempts the priest ceased to endeavour to influence his opinions. Had it not been for this barrier, he would no doubt have asked Mary to become his wife. At his last return she knew that all her joy in life was centred in her cousin, but she never for a moment contemplated resigning the creed in which she had been educated. She was not happy in this divided condition, and Frank knew it; his sympathy and kindness and tenderness of manner only increased her love. The good father watched all this quietly and hoped that yet Frank might be induced to remove the barrier between them. The old lord saw it also and expressed his wishes to Frank, but the answer was firm and decided,—

‘I cannot take a step that my conscience cannot approve of, however much it may agree with my own inclinations. There may be yet work for me to do in the army, and if I fall it will be better not to make dear Mary a widow.’

Frank was right. Napoleon soon broke loose again upon the world, and the events well known followed. Frank was called to his regiment and fought at Waterloo. He shared in the glories and

success and bravery of the thousands of brave men, and he shared too in the sufferings, for he was severely wounded. He was brought home by easy stages and landed at Hull; in a very easy carriage he made the journey to Medlicott. Sad were the faces that received him. Dingrose had superintended the journey from Hull. When he went home to his farm, he told Anty,—

‘Maaster Frank has come home to dee. I can see it in his face, and he’ll never come to be the lord after all.’

The old lord was quite as much grieved and anxious as for his son. Mr Temple was constantly with him, and poor Mary spent many hours at his bedside, calm and still, and tearless, cheerful and bright outwardly, and always anticipating his wishes. He himself was as bright as possible, even joyous. He talked of what he would do when he recovered in order to cheer others. He entered into all schemes so far as his strength allowed. He lived on for a year, and the 18th of June came round again. He was much as usual, and some hopes of his recovery were entertained; but they proved fallacious, and to all it was evident he was gradually growing weaker. The end came at last very peacefully. All those he loved were with him. He addressed them all, and thanked them for all their love, each in turn. He said,—

‘I have done my duty, I hope, to my country, to

my family, and to my God. I desire now to be at rest and go beyond death to those joys everlasting.'

The scene of sorrow we need not picture, but the calmness of the dying man threw a solemnity over those present. At last he said,—

'I am going now, both my dear fathers! Father Philip! John! dear Mary! we shall meet again.'

And so he slept for a while, and still sleeps. After his death a sadness seemed to hang around everything. Lord Marshalsea, now by right the possessor, took little pleasure in anything, but everything was done according to Frank's known wishes. Mary seemed to regain a portion of her happiness, as if she felt her beloved cousin nearer to her, and looked forward to meeting him where we are neither married nor given in marriage.

Mr Temple seemed to find some similar comfort. He delighted to talk of his lost son, and lived on comforting many hearts.

Poor John Dingrose to outward eyes suffered most. He seemed to pine away, and so gradually sunk into a shadow of himself. He said to Anty,—

'They all be gan—my mother, Bridget, t' gaumless lad, and all; maaster Frank abune all. I must gang too. I have no heart to live.' And so he did die, respected and honoured by all, and at his request was buried very near the family vault of 't' ould family.'

Anty continued to carry on the farm, and married

a wife rather late in life. His friend and partner was always his example of the best man he had ever known, and after him was Frank.

When the old lord died, the property passed into the hands of a distant relative, and the title became extinct. Father Philip retired into a religious house, and Mary Carfax did the same.

Gradually the good effects of all that had been done to improve the tone of the working men were seen, and the tale we have told in some of its parts lingers still in the memory of those well advanced in life, who can for many hours wax eloquent on what happened in the smuggling days seventy years or so ago in Hillsland.

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